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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN  
Illustrated Journal of  
Sporing and Sensational Events

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HOMeward BOUND FROM A MASQUERADE BALL.  
HOW TWO DISCIPLES OF TERPSICHORE AND BACCHUS TURNED A STREET CAR INTO A HAVEN OF REST.—PAGE 6.





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#### Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of every artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

D. B., Macon, Ga.—Will attend to the matter; thanks for favors.

R. S., Natchez, Miss.—Photo and sketch received, in due time; thanks.

Q. R., Elms Green, Ind.—Thanks for favors; will address a letter to you.

A. J. P., East Cambridge, Mass.—Will probably make use of sketch in next number.

W. S., Elk City, Kan.—Sketch very good, but of a local character only, therefore not suitable.

P. P., Troy, N. Y.—The "Slang Dictionary" costs only 28 cents by mail. It is the most curious collection of phrases ever published.

B. M., Utica, N. Y.—The Cardiff Giant was a hoax gotten up by two Syracuse adventurers. It succeeded in gulling people from all parts of the country.

W. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—If you can send us some good original sketches of life in your city, we will be glad to accept them. The subjects must be novel and full of interest.

S. P. W., South River.—The question propounded by you is too intricate for us to give you a proper answer. Consult a lawyer in your place. He will advise you better than we can.

H. P., Springfield, Ill.—Fred Douglass is now in Washington. He is holding the position of United States Marshal. He escaped from slavery a number of years before the late war broke out.

S. J. C., Troy, N. Y.—All such questions will be answered as promptly as possible in the sporting department of his journal. Paddy Ryan's life and record will be published in the series of book's entitled "Fistiana's Heroes."

E. T., Albany, Tex.—Don't know whether it is right in your state or not. In New York state a constable, sheriff or jailer has the right to search all prisoners who come into their charge. We suppose the same privilege or right, if you please, is granted to these officials in your state.

J. C., Trenton, N. J.—The **POLICE GAZETTE** has been in existence 35 years. The Boston sheet is merely an imitation of this journal. Bear this in mind when you are addressing your letters. 183 William Street, corner of Spruce, New York, is the address of the **POLICE GAZETTE**.

M. J., Chicago, Ill.—Cannot tell you whether McCullough will appear in your city this winter or not. He proposes soon to go to England. Edwin Booth is already there. The question as to their superiority is one which we will not undertake to answer. Taste has a good deal to do with opinions on that subject.

C. P., San Antonio, Tex.—The party in question is in Australia. You will find a full history of his life in "Champions of the American Prize Ring," published by Richard K. Fox, 183 William Street, New York. In addition you will find portraits and records of all the men who have won fame as pugilists in America. This book is the best record of the prize ring published.

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE wishes every one of its readers a merry Christmas. It does not make the wish in the spirit of conventionality common to the season, as one would say "How do you do?" and not care a fig for the answer. No; it wishes in the spirit of sincerity, and, furthermore, wishes that it were possible for the wish to be realized in every individual case. But that is not compatible with human existence. There are thousands to whom the festivities of the holiday season seem a mockery of their misery and sorrow. The year just drawing to a close has been to them a continual struggle to keep the wolf from the door. The heavy hand of adversity has been laid on the heart and stifled the emotions of generosity and good fellowship born and bred in the nature. To all such the **POLICE GAZETTE** extends its sympathy, and wishes that this may be the last Christmas day that they may experience the same sad conditions. May each succeeding return of the day find all such with more than they know what to do with, and charity in their hearts to make good use of the surplus. To those who have health, the wherewith to get three square meals a day, and the power to enjoy them, it wishes a continuance of the same, and the disposition to divide with their unfortunate fellow-men who are denied these blessings. Health, prosperity and happiness to all!

### THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Ever since Mormonism was hatched it has been an object of legislation and "chin music." Old bachelors and old maids, jealous of men and women who could get an indefinite number of matrimonial alliances where it was impossible for them to get one, have made it a target for their indignation and wrath; "statesmen" in search of an object upon which to pour the stream of their brainless rhetoric have found it "just the thing" for a hobby; clergymen, anxious to make their congregations believe that they were earning their high-priced salaries have fired their gospel guns—loaded always with the blank cartridges of insincerity and buncombe—and contented themselves that they were doing their duty to God and their flocks, more particularly the latter.

And so all through the list of those who affect the role of reformers. Every one of them have handled the subject gingerly. The means suggested for the suppression of Polygamy have amounted to nothing. Instead of checking its growth, it has flourished and waxed strong, and to-day bids fair to become a fixture whose removal is an impossibility.

In his last annual message to Congress President Hayes puts himself in the list of "word crusaders" by suggesting certain measures as worthless as they are ancient and impracticable. He is aware of the fact that Mormonism is an institution which should be crushed out, and neglects to recommend measures which will subvert that end. Why all the opponents of this infamous doctrine will persist in suggesting methods for its suppression which their own experience and observation tells them are impracticable and worthless, is a mystery beyond the pale of solution.

Words will avail nothing. Polygamy is a crime, and should be dealt with accordingly. The man or woman who allows his or her lust to control their lives should be put in subjection to the laws of decency and order. In this State this class of people are put in Sing Sing or Auburn prison. This method has been found to be very effectual. There is no reason why it should not be tested in Utah. Let the bigamous "Saints" be given a taste of this remedy. It will accomplish more in one month than all the "chin music" would in a century.

### A Very Bad Man.

[With Portrait.]

Kenward Philp, the well-known journalist, whose name has been lately prominently brought to the notice of the public in consequence of his arrest for an alleged criminal libel on President-elect James A. Garfield, was born in England, is thirty-three years of age, and has been a resident of the United States for about fifteen years, during which time he has devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, having contributed to nearly all the leading papers of this city and occasionally varying the monotony of the newspaper business by writing dramas, burlesques, etc., for production on the stage. Mr. Philp is universally acknowledged as a first class humorous writer, having written no fewer than thirty-seven novels, all of which are evidences of his ability to deal with life in all its phases. Mr. Philp is a married man, has a family, and is blessed with a mother-in-law. He has for some time past contributed to the columns of the *Truth*, *Chit* and other papers, but owing to the recent prosecution it is said he has determined to abandon literary pursuits and take to lecturing, in which field he made a mark some time since upon the occasion of his delivering an elegant discourse upon "Morey Antique," at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, and in which new departure he will, no doubt, make as many friends and add more laurels to those he has already won by his able and ready pen. Mr. Philp during the late presidential election was brought into national prominence

by the "Chinese Letter." It is claimed by certain politicians, personally interested, that that document was forged by him. Mr. Philp denies the responsibility for its existence. Time will tell whether the denial avails him liberally or imprisonment. We believe him innocent and trust that the result of his trial will be a vindication of this belief. Pending the issue of the charge made against him, Mr. Philp has given up the duties of journalism for those of the rostrum. The same ready wit and ability which has marked his career as a journalist will be employed in his new sphere. Our readers in all parts of the country will miss a good treat if they fail to hear Mr. Philp tell what he knows about "Morey-Antique," the "Heathen Chinese" and various matters too numerous to mention.

### DIAMOND SNATCHERS.

How the Glittering Ornaments Are Wrenched From Beauty's Ear.

A New York "rounder" who has been observing of the different phases of life in the metropolis thus describes the diamond-snatching racket now much in vogue among the light-fingered gentry: Some one says that crime is rampant in cold weather. We have had the cold weather, and the Tombs tell the story of the crime. One of the jolliest ways in which crime outworks itself just now is the diamond ear dodge. "Ladies," so called, promenade our streets and ride in our cars and 'buses wearing enormous stones in their ears. Now and then these enormous stones are genuine diamonds; oftener they are Parisian or crystals—and fair game for the festive snatcher.

He approaches the dame from behind, grasps firmly the ear-ring, pulls vigorously the ear-ring, secures safely the ear-ring, and runs like a lamp lighter with the ear-ring, while the enraged, ear-bleeding, pain-bemoaning, whining and aching victim of vanity yells and screams and wishes she'd never been born. For such I have no pity, no sympathy. They might just as well pin a \$1,000 bill to their camel's hair shawl and walk the streets with it. They deliberately put temptation in the very eyes of starvation and then boo-hoo because the thief does precisely what he was dared to do.

Other ladies poke their warts under the nose and eyes of hunger and invite a bold and reckless violator of the commandment. Others put handkerchiefs, books, change, lace and portmanteaus in their pockets which gape open and virtually say to little boys and big men, "Here is a chance; make a grab and run." I declare sometimes the temptation to do such a thing for the fun of it is almost more than I can bear. When men deliberately hurl paving-stones through plate-glass windows or show-cases for the sole purpose of getting two or three months' free board in the penitentiary, and despair stalks the town hand in hand with hunger, what wonder is it that crime succeeds in tempting them to evil?

For my part I don't wonder that fat old gentlemen are choked until they give up watch and wallet; that purse woman have diamonds yanked from their loaded ears; that little boys on their way to school are run into alleys and stripped of their pawnable finery, or that pickpockets train up and down Broadway like bugs in a potatoe field. The fact is, the times are entirely too good for the poor. The Vanderbilts and Goulds to-day are coinin' fortunes hour by hour, and prices are up, up, up, but salaries are where they were and wages, too, so that subordinates are beginning to wonder whether hard times are not, after all, the better for them and theirs. But if it's a tough time for salaried men, what must it be for poor devils who have nothing to do?

I never knew a season when the streets were so full of men in want of work. All sorts of conditions of the race are in the same box, and a deuce of a box it is. The women suffer with the men. Even those who have work are in trouble. I asked a manager to day what he paid his ushers, who attended six night performances and two matinees each week. He promptly replied, "Three dollars." I find young women are hired in our great stores at from \$3 to \$5 a week. They report for duty at half-past seven in the morning, and are off at from seven to ten in the evening. They are obliged to dress well. How do they do it? They must live, sleep and occasionally eat. How and where can they do it? Do their Christian employers ever give it a thought?

### A King for an Evening.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An old bachelor of very free and easy life in the past has now reached that period of life when he requires things to be just about so. He occasionally finds his way into some of the fashionable up-town restaurants, and always makes himself a nuisance by his whims and eccentricities. Being rich he is humored. A few nights ago he went into a house, not famous for its morals, and installed himself lord of the raucous. His first edict was that every woman in the house pass before him in review, each bearing a tray containing some offering. His fancy was humored. Finally one of his whilom subjects came along with a cup of tea. He was impressed with her beauty, and ordered her to join him in its disposal. She objected, and urged him to put it all away. He did so. What followed is unknown to his majesty. He found himself in the station house the next morning minus his watch and pocketbook. He has no desire to be a King again under similar circumstances.

### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Maggie Cline, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a young lady whose varied accomplishments have made her a genuine favorite with theatre patrons all over the United States. Possessed of a fine presence, a phenomenal voice and great talent, she has stepped to the front rank in her profession. Her appearance in every city which she visits is the occasion of an ovation. Her success is well deserved, being based on merit of the first order.

### SEASONING.

THERE is a town in Nova Scotia called Pugwash—and we know several citizens who could take a bath there without having to be naturalized.

Nor everybody will be able to see the Nautch girls, but everybody can get a pretty good idea of their dance by putting two horns down the house maid's back.

A New York preacher tried on Wednesday for the eighth time to kill himself, and failed. He should get somebody to point a gun at him that isn't loaded. That never fails.

A new book is just out, entitled "Links in Rebecca's life." Rebecca was probably a sausage-maker's daughter. What an eventful and mysterious life she must have led.

"Why are we here?" was the subject of a St. Louis clergyman's sermon last Sunday morning. This is indeed a hard question, with the fare to Chicago down to a dollar.

A GREEK soldier only gets three cents a day, and we think he is overpaid at that. If any nation should go to war with Greece, the whole world would yell, "Take one of your size."

"A KISS," said young Charles, "is a noun, we allow; but tell me, my dear, is it proper or common?" lovely Mary blushed deep, and exclaimed: "Why, now, I think it both proper and common."

IN Candelaria wood sells so high that a man can take a barrel stave or the top of a cracker box to a saloon and get a drink of whisky for it, and the bar-keeper thinks he is making a mighty good bargain.

JOHN BULL will continue to send for American beef until he finds himself confronted with a hunk off the hind leg of a Tennessee steer. Then diplomatic relations between the two nations will cease.

A Boston paper says that "Boston society will Boycott Sara Bernhardt." Does the paper mean that Boston will harvest Sara's crop with soldiers? Poor girl. But it will not be the first Boycott by her.—*N. O. Times.*

It takes five gallons of whisky to cure an elephant's cold, and since this fact came out, even New York men have been seen to insane asylums, as nothing can convince them that they are not elephants suffering with colds.

A YOUNG New York doctor has written a treatise providing that sealskin saques are the best protectors of lungs ever known. Somehow the women have suddenly taken the notion that this young man is the ablest physician in the city.

"I SAY, Clem," cried two disputing darkies appealing for decision to a sable umpire, "which is right—dizactly or dezactly?" The sable monarch reflected for a moment, and then, with a look of wisdom said, "I can't tell perzactly."

"Oh, mamma, that's Captain Jones's knock! I know he has come to ask me to be his wife." "Well, my dear, you must accept him." "But I thought you hated him so!" "Hate him? I do—so much, that I mean to be his mother-in-law!"

THERE was a fight imminent between two boys on Elm street, the other evening. One of them darkly hinted that he was bigger than the other. The smaller, who is the son of a deacon, defiantly retorted: "I don't care if you're as big as a church debt; you can't scare me."

"No, marm," said the shoe dealer, "I would like to give you a smaller pair, but to sell you anything below rights would render me liable under the statute for the prevention of cruelty to animals." He didn't sell her anything under eights or over it. Some women are so touchy about the size of their feet.

"I WOULD rather vote for a long-eared donkey than for you," said an independent voter to a candidate. "O, come now, you ought not allow yourself to be so influenced by family ties," responded the candidate. The voter has been puzzling his head ever since to find out why the crowd laughed.

"WINTER is approaching." Thus nine hundred and eighty-seven newspapers. Great Scott how much the American people are indebted to the press! Were it not for this timely announcement we make, no doubt one-half our population would be setting out geraniums, cabbage plants and pea sticks and the other half rushing to the shore and mountain.

#### CURE for a love-fit:

Tie one end of a rope fast over a beam, And make a slip-noose at the other extreme; Then, just underneath, let a wicket be set, On which let the lover most manfully get, Then over his head let the snicket be got, And under one ear be well settled the knot. The wicket kicked down, let him take a fair swing, And leave all the rest of the work to the string.

TOMBSTONE, Arizona, November 30th, 1880. EDITOR NATION—I see in your issue of the eleventh you say, "just as we predicted Georgia went Democratic." Now what we want to know is Georgia who please! Tell us just once, then we can sleep. Yours in plum-colored silk, SUSIE.

No, darling Susie, not Georgia who please, nor Georgia who please, but Georgia State. And my gracious, Susie, if you've kept awake all this time, close your eyes at once, or you'll not be fit to have your young man court you for a month.

NOTHING in this world is so strong as a fixed habit, good or bad. The seaman cannot sleep soundly on shore because he misses the tossing of the ship and the roaring of the wind. We heard lately of a forlorn widow who the third night after her husband's death sat at the window watching the stars with sleepless eyes. At last her thoughts, sad and weary, broke into soliloquy: "This trying to go to sleep," she said, "without a quarrel of some kind is so new that I can't stand it." Just then two men under her window fell to fighting. She watched the conflict to the end, then quietly undressed, saying, "that's kind of homelike," and in a few minutes was fast asleep.



# THE TOMBS.

Its History, Romances and Mysteries.

## LIFE AND DEATH

In New York's Famous Jail.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE GIBNET ROBBED OF ITS PREY.

The case of Henry Carnell, who was sentenced to be hanged along with Aaron B. Stookey, was a somewhat curious one. Carnell was a countryman, who had come to New York on a spree from his Pennsylvania farm in 1850. An old man named Louis Rousseau kept a bar-room and lodging house in Dey street. Carnell and a friend called at the house one night for lodgings. The old man showed them to their room, bade them good night, and then went to shut up. After the place was closed the lodgers went to the bar and helped themselves freely to the contents of the various decanters and bottles. The demon of drink getting complete control of them, they went to the sleeping apartment of the old man, which was just off the bar-room, and cut his throat as he lay asleep in his bed. After robbing the place of what money they could find, they left. All this occurred while two young men, sons of the proprietor, were sleeping in the place. The first intimation they had of the crime was, when coming down in the morning, and finding that the house had not been opened, they discovered their father's corpse.

A search for the murderers was instituted, which resulted in finding Carnell, with a broken leg, lying in an area of the house adjoining. In trying to effect his escape, Carnell jumped over the fence and fell down this area, not knowing of its existence. His companion in crime had succeeded in making good his escape. Carnell was tried for the murder and sentenced to be hanged.

His counsel, Henry L. Clinton, secured a stay of proceedings and arrived in New York just as Carnell was about to be led out with Stookey to execution. He was sent back to his cell. Carnell remained in prison some four years, and then got a new trial. Pleading guilty of manslaughter in the third degree, he was sentenced on April 25, 1855, to four years' imprisonment. He is now living on his farm in Pennsylvania, and is doing well.

Another narrow escape from the gibbet was that of Charles Jeffards, which occurred nearly ten years after Carnell's. Jeffards was the son of a lady who had married a second husband. She lived unhappily with him, and they finally separated. She prosecuted him for a divorce. Young Jeffards idolized his mother and detested his stepfather. In fact, it was his insubordination, and the fact that his mother always took his part, which had given rise to the first quarrels between John Walton and his wife.

On the night of January 5th, 1862, young Jeffards was stopping at a hotel in Brooklyn, near the ferry. He had been drinking, and worked himself into the idea of killing his stepfather.

He posted himself behind a tree on Eighteenth street, near Third avenue, and calmly awaited his victim, who, he knew, would in all probability pass that way on leaving his office. He had waited but a little while when Mr. Walton came along. Stepping from his lurking-place, he deliberately shot him through the head, killing him instantly. The murderer then fled.

A Mr. Matthews, who chanced to be passing, hearing the shot fired, and seeing a man running at the top of his speed, started in pursuit. Jeffards, finding that his pursuer was gaining on him, turned around, and with a well-aimed shot from his pistol killed him also. By this time a crowd were in pursuit of the murderer, but he succeeded in eluding his pursuers by jumping over a fence into an area, and hiding behind the stoop. When the crowd had passed, Jeffards left his hiding-place, and, running towards Fourth avenue, got on a car which was on its way up town. Meeting a car going down town, he got on that and rode to the terminus of the route opposite the Astor House; thence he ran down Broadway, through Whitehall street to South Ferry, and caught the boat just as it was leaving the slip.

When he reached his hotel, he asked to know the time, and being told by the landlord, retired to his room.

The excitement throughout the city was intense. Jeffards, knowing that in all probability he would be arrested, concluded to give himself up, relying greatly on his ability to prove an alibi, as it would naturally seem improbable, if not quite impossible, that he should be at his hotel in Brooklyn within so short a time after the murders were committed.

He was locked up in the Tombs and indicted for murder.

The trial lasted many days and was ably conducted; but as sufficient evidence could not be adduced to convict the prisoner of the murder, he was acquitted and discharged. He went with his mother to spend the summer at a quiet country place on Long Island.

The District Attorney, however, felt satisfied that Jeffards was guilty of the crime, and determined if possible to bring it home to him. He sent a shrewd detective down to Jeffards' country home. The operator soon made the acquaintance of his man, and quite an intimacy sprang up between Jeffards and the detective.

They made fishing and gunning excursions, in fact, became boon companions and warm personal friends. Jeffards introduced the man to his mother. When

in his cups, Jeffards was much given to boasting of his bold deeds, of the numerous scrapes he had been in—and how he had always managed to get out of them. He told the detective of his having killed the two men, how he had arranged everything, where he had bought the pistol, where he concealed it, and where at that time it was. In fact, he gave a complete history of the tragedies to his new-found friend.

The detective, having obtained all the information he desired, informed Jeffards that he had to return to the city, and was very pressing in his invitation to Jeffards to accompany him, and spend a few days in town. Jeffards was nothing loath, and accompanied his supposed friend to New York.

Immediately upon their arrival, they began a liberal patronage of the various bar-rooms. Going up Centre street to the Tombs, Jeffards proposed to his friend to take a look in at his old quarters and introducing him to the warden, asked permission to show him over the prison, which was granted. They remained for some time, and when they left resumed their drinking, stopping at every convenient place to take a glass.

About 9 o'clock in the evening, Jeffards being greatly under the influence of liquor, and being in the vicinity of a bar-room which was kept by his late step-father's brother, they entered and asked for something to drink, which was refused them, Mr. Walton saying that he (Jeffards) should not drink at that place. This greatly exasperated the young man, who drawing a loaded pistol from his pocket, exclaimed:

"Damn you, I killed your brother, and have a good mind to kill you too," pointing his pistol at Mr. Walton's head.

The detective took the pistol away from his companion, and drawing the charge, restored the weapon to its owner.

The following day was Sunday, and according to a plan of the detective, they went to a place in Bleeker street, between Mercer and Greene, called "The Store." On leaving, an officer presented a warrant for the arrest of Jeffards, and took him to the Tombs.

His trial took place in a few weeks. In spite of the able defense of his counsel he was sentenced to be hanged. His counsel carried the case to the Supreme Court, which confirmed the decision. The case was then taken to the Court of Appeals, which, in its turn, sustained the other courts.

In the mean time, the law relative to capital punishment had been altered. The culprit, under the new law, was to be sent to State prison, there to remain for one year, then to be taken out by the sheriff on a requisition signed by the Governor, and executed. This law was again changed, as will be found explained in another chapter. So Jeffards escaped the gallows—only, however, to be murdered in jail by fellow prisoner some years later.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### VIRGINIA STEWART'S MURDER.

Robert C. MacDonald was a North Carolinian by birth, a man of elegant presence, liberal education, and aristocratic connections. By business he was a cotton broker, and frequently made large sums of money. Chance threw him in the way of Miss Virginia Stewart.

She was a type of the highest order of American beauty.

In figure she was tall and commanding, and her form was as delicately moulded as any which ever grew into wondrous beauty under the sculptor's chisel. Her head was crowned with blonde tresses sweeping back from a face of peculiar beauty and power, while in the alternate melting and flashing of the deep blue eyes could be seen the love and passion surging with Southern fervor through her whole heart. When she met MacDonald, she had already entered on that career which commences so dazzling and invariably ends in gloom.

It was a case of mutual adoration between MacDonald and herself. She gave herself up to him as a sweetheart, not a purchased love. She became his mistress, and was known as such throughout all North Carolina.

Her lover was a man of convivial habits, however, and fell into dissipated ways. His coarseness, when in drink, was supplemented by infidelities which did not long remain secret. Virginia Stewart was not the woman to endure this neglect long. After a series of desperate quarrels, she abandoned her erratic lover and came to New York.

MacDonald followed her and put up at the Metropolitan Hotel; once here he began to drink desperately, and soon his brain was on fire. Like a maniac he roamed the streets in quest of his mistress. After a few days, on July 23rd, 1859, he saw her, in company with a lady friend, as she was entering Taylor's saloon, at the corner of Broadway and Franklin streets. He followed them and took a seat at a table near theirs. Calling for a bottle of wine he drank it, all the time watching the ladies opposite. When they had finished their lunch he arose too, and followed them to the corner of Broadway and Canal streets. They turned the corner to go into the Brandreth House, and MacDonald stepped up to Miss Stewart. She told him not to annoy her. He then said, excitedly:

"I am told you are living with another man—is that so?"

Without replying, Miss Stewart turned to go, when MacDonald put his hand in his breast and drew out a Colt's navy revolver. Miss Stewart cried out and ran towards the entrance of the hotel. MacDonald bounded after her, and, placing the pistol almost against her head, fired. She fell senseless upon the step.

A Mr. E. Van Raust, who was standing there, immediately threw himself on MacDonald. A deadly combat ensued for the possession of the pistol, it being evident that the murderer intended to take his own life. MacDonald was finally overpowered and removed to the Tombs. Miss Stewart was driven to the

New York Hospital, where she lingered for eight or ten days, most of the time in an insensible condition. Her mother, then living in Boston, was sent for, and passed the days and nights by the bedside of her dying child. Upon her death the body was taken to Boston and buried.

MacDonald, at the Tombs, had a colored waiter from the Metropolitan, and lived on the best the Lelands could furnish him. The following letter was found on his person:

"John W. Smith, Mobile, Ala.

"DEAR JOHN: I am about to commit that which will astonish you and most of my friends in Mobile. I have left some instructions with Messrs. Simeon Leland & Co. in regard to my body, but have since drawn \$300 of the amount I first wanted, leaving \$1500 in their hands, which, after deducting my expenses, I will remit to you. Affectionately yours forever,

Bob.

"My love to Harry and the boys.

ROBERT C. MACDONALD.

"P. S.—And to you who find my body, have my trunks opened, and you will see a letter addressed to Messrs. Simeon Leland & Co. in regard to the disposition of my remains. Buried with my beard on."

MacDonald engaged the most eminent counsel to defend him, and openly declared that he would never be hanged. One day his attendant called on the Warden to tell him that he had been instructed by MacDonald to buy some strychnine. After that a strict watch was kept on the prisoner. But among the visitors to the Tombs was a lady who was in the habit of conversing with MacDonald through the grated door of his cell. She procured a letter of introduction to the Warden from one of the most prominent men in the country, and through this letter obtained an interview with the prisoner when she gave him the poison—a bottle of Muir's Elixir of Opium—with which he committed suicide.

Though discovered but a few minutes after he had taken it, all efforts to pump the poison out failed, and he died about seven hours after. The body was embalmed and sent to his friends South.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### DICK RUSSELL'S WEDDING.

A Young Man Who Says he Was Married by Force—A Midnight Marriage Under Peculiar Circumstances.

There was recently filed in the superior court of Tippecanoe county, Ind., an application for divorce. There is little or nothing remarkable about this, as it is a common occurrence in this county. Sometimes it has been said that divorces in Indiana are so easily obtained that it is a matter of amusement on the part of its citizens to marry and then be divorced; that they undertake it as a means of entertainment. But this is not true. The case referred to is a noteworthy exception, as it is also a case that is exceedingly sensational in its nature. It is entitled Russell against Russell, and is both an application for a divorce and to have a marriage annulled. It is now pending in the superior court, and it is expected that in a few days Judge LaRue will hear the case and decide it. The circumstances attending the affair are substantially as follows:

Two years ago young Phillip Russell, better known as "Dick" Russell, and a young lady named Miss Mary Waite "kept company," as it is called in court—ing parlance. Dick at that time was about eighteen years old. He lived with his parents on their 300 acre farm adjoining Purdue University. Dick was a clever young man and quite popular among his friends. Miss Mary, who was young and pretty, did not lack in popularity, for she, as Dick alleges, entertained at her home others besides himself. Her entire attention was not devoted to Dick alone, but others enjoyed the favor of her company also. This will serve as a brief introduction to the particulars that are to follow.

As time went on matters began to assume definite shape. As to whether the young man was constant in his attentions to Mary is not known. The first important episode in their career, however, occurred some time during the month of April, in 1879, and, it is alleged, happened in this manner: One day while Dick was at work on his mother's farm, he was called upon by Mary's brother and brother-in-law. Their mission was rather delicate. There was trouble at Mary's house, and they talked the matter over, and at night Dick, with a brother of Mary, who had been working for him, came over to the city to see about it. These two met Mary's other brother and brother-in-law in the court-house yard late at night, and there the affair was arranged, viz.: that Dick should marry the young lady instantly. This he claims he was forced to do by threats; that he was compelled to enter into a matrimonial alliance against his will. It was quite late at night, but this did not interfere with the programme which had been arranged. Deputy Clerk Mitchell was sought and found, and upon the alleged affidavit or statement of Doc Waite, that Dick's parents had consented to the marriage, a license was obtained. Then the party called on "Squire Applebaugh and took him to the house where Mary lived. There Dick and Mary were united as husband and wife. This closes the second chapter of the story of two lives.

At the time of the wedding Dick was under age, and has not yet attained his majority. He states that he went home immediately after the marriage, and that he has never lived with his wife. A short time after the occurrence of the above matrimonial event, Mrs. Russell became the mother of a bouncing baby boy, which has grown and thrived in a most satisfactory manner, until now he is said to be a bright and lively little fellow.

By his counsel, Messrs. Jones & Aholtz Russell a short time ago brought suit for a divorce and the annulment of the marriage upon the ground that it was a marriage by duress. If the marriage is annulled, the probabilities are that new complications will arise that will add new interest to the case. The

average mind may readily imagine the startling phases this affair may assume. Russell is the only heir to about \$80,000 worth of property.

### ANGELIC CANDIDATES.

A Factory Where the Heavenly Creatures are Made—An Advertisement Which Put a Cargo of Female Vanity on the Market.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The ideal, delightfully indolent existence of an angel has ever exercised a fascinating influence over the human mind since those pleasant inhabitants of Heaven were first pictured as treading the golden streets and playing on harps for the edification of the Almighty. The general public, however, with the exception of suicides, have hitherto patiently awaited the course of time to transfer them from the earth earthy to the ethereal; but this past week made a sudden and precipitous change in this respect, and about 150 persons applied at Booth's Theatre to be accepted as angels. The cause of this unwonted congregation was an advertisement to the effect that a number of handsome young ladies were wanted at that place of amusement to constitute a heavenly band in the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to be given there.

There were very young women, who were really almost pretty enough to be angels, and there were others so homely that they would have put the king of the lower regions himself to blush. There were demure little girls, who seemed to be trying to look angelic, and there were others so wicked, that Heaven appeared a long way from them. There was a few who looked as though they had taken their gin before leaving home, and one was absolutely heard to swear a hard, round oath.

There was quite an element which had long ago passed the luscious springtime of life, and had striven hard to restore their fading roses with an artistic use of cosmetics, but paint and powder could not deceive the practiced eye of the examiner, and the painted angels soon had no show. There were two or three old ladies, who had even passed the age of painting, if women ever attain that age, and stood about in solemn silence, looking with green-eyed envy upon their younger and fair competitors. The reporter approached one of these and inquired her purpose in coming to the theatre.

"I want to be an angel," she answered sharply, without any apparent attempt at a joke.

"But, madam, aren't you rather old for an angel?" incautiously observed the reporter.

"What's that your business, sir? What right have you to ask me how old I am? I suppose I have just as good a right to be an angel as anybody else, and that too without any impertinence from saucy young men. So, sir you had better go right away from me and attend to your own business," and with this scathing rebuke, she elevated her sharp nose at an angle of forty-five degrees and gave the question the most frigid shoulder imaginable.

The most remarkable figure, however, of the whole lot was a woman who must certainly have weighed 250 pounds. She was tremendous. Her cheeks rolled down on her neck, and she looked as though the creator had rolled up a ball of lard, after the fashion of school boys making snowballs, and when the mass had grown so large that they could not move it further, had given it the breath of life. This lady was brave enough until she mounted the stairs, when she was immediately made the subject of such galling remarks by a score or more of the applicants, who had served as supers before, that she hid as much of her huge body away as possible, and would not even tell her name when she was asked if she would be an angel.

She was rather a modest woman, and when the "gang" struck her she looked as though she would stay at home and cook forever, if the Lord would forgive her for this premature attempt to become an angel. Her wicked tormentors surrounded her and made all sorts of remarks. "What would become of the damp cloud she would sit on?" irreverently asked one. "Can you play a harp, dear?" asked another, with much solicitude. "Gracious! the stage will have to be enlarged if she's engaged," put in another; and a running fire of such remarks was kept up until the poor thing looked quite ready to sink through the floor, and the floor looked as if it would have been greatly relieved if she had done so. Having tortured the fat woman to the top of their bent, this choice lot of would-be angels sauntered off in search of new victims, and mercilessly prodded the green girls whom they found they could bother. None of them were engaged, but they had all the fun they wanted.

It was very amusing to watch the women as they came forward one after another. Some boldly sang out their names, while others would approach mysteriously and give the required information in a whisper. One refused to give any name at all, and two others would not raise the veil that covered their faces. Only fifteen were needed and these were chosen on account of their beauty and modesty. Blondes were preferred, as the manager could not conceive of a dark complexioned angel.

The angels receive from seven to ten dollars per week, and are to appear at every performance. They will be clothed in white robes, with blonde wigs, and long golden-colored wings reaching to the floor. An electric light will be used to throw a halo about the angel band, and the management are in great glee at having employed such pretty girls.

In looking over the list of addresses, it was surprising to find that the applicants had come from Newark, Hoboken, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and even from Yonkers. It was also noticeable that, with a few exceptions, they were well dressed and wore an air of respectability. They seemed chiefly actuated by the money they were to receive, yet many seemed to have applied from a desire alone to appear on the stage even in the capacity of a supernumerary. One thing is certain, however—that no such band of angels was ever seen in New York before.





CHRISTMAS EVE RAFFLES FOR TURKEYS AND HOW THEY GENERALLY END—HOW THE LUSCIOUS BIRDS OFTEN BECOME MEDIUMS OF "SWELLED HEADS" INSTEAD OF SWELLED STOMACHS.—SEE PAGE 10.

#### BRUDDER SAM OWENS.

##### A Black Rascal's Black Crime—How Religion Was Made a Cloak for a Lecherous Purpose.

The town of Butterfield, Indiana, at one time an important station on the Underground Railroad, is all torn up on account of a scandal that is directly traceable to that enterprise. The story of shame and disgrace that is causing all this indignation is substantially as follows:

In the country, a short distance south of there, lives Henry and Maggie Williams, brother and sister (and orphan children), who for the past six years have kept house and managed the small farm bequeathed to them by their dead parents. They lived a quiet, happy life, and both enjoyed in the fullest sense the confidence of their neighbors until about two months since, when rumors began to circulate through the neighborhood to the effect that Maggie was in an interesting condition.

These rumors became so frequent that those who had been the poor girl's staunchest, truest friends forsook and left her to her fate. The ugly talk finally reached the ears of the devoted brother, and he took immediate steps to vindicate his sister's honor and good name. After he had fully determined to institute a number of suits for libel, he was covered with mortification and shame by the announcement that his sister had given birth to a lusty youngster, whose father, the attending physician unhesitatingly announced, was a colored man. The poor man's feelings can better be imagined than described. As soon as the unfortunate girl had sufficiently recovered from the shock her system had sustained she related in substance the following story of her wrongs.

A number of years ago she, in company with her brother, attended a revival meeting, and they became so thoroughly imbued with the necessity of leading better lives that they united with the church, and did all in their power to live such a life as would entitle them to a better one hereafter. In their neighborhood, among a number of other negroes, lived Samuel Owens, a big, lusty buck, who was the leader in the church, an eloquent exhorter and a powerful singer. This negro had frequent occasions to visit the Williamses, and after they had embraced Christianity they frequently talked with him of the subject nearest their hearts, and placed the utmost confidence in him. Owens was an old man, a widower and a great grandfather, and these innocent children never for a moment doubted his honesty or the genuineness of his Christianity.

But it is the old, old story of Eve and the serpent repeated. One bright morning in March last, when all nature was smiling, the birds in their happiness gleefully singing, and Henry was out in the field at his work, this dusky hypocrite visited the home of these innocent children and found Maggie alone at the house employed in her usual duties and engaged her in conversation, dwelling particularly upon the beauty and glory of the Christian life and the perfect

love each Christian bore the other, until his lust overcame him, and, clasping the poor girl to his breast, forced her down, and, despite the struggles she insists she made, accomplished his purpose and her ruin. After this she says that the feeling of shame and fear of exposure gained such a hold upon her that she was unable to repel his advances, and that the lustful villain played with her as he would with a

toy, and at his own will, until about two months since, when the rumors that pervaded the neighborhood reached his ears, and, fearing exposure, and that his life would pay the penalty, he skipped the county in two days, and, if all reports are true, is now located in the confines of Bucktown.

Since the poor girl's confinement the physician has discovered that she has been inflicted with a loath-

some disease that has pervaded her entire system; that the child is a mass of corruption, and that there is but little hope of either the child or mother recovering from the effects of the dread scourge. The neighbors who but a short time since were disposed to abandon the poor girl to her fate, now that they have heard the story of her wrongs, are rallying to her assistance, and will take immediate steps to hunt the rascal down, and, when found, mete out the punishment he so richly deserves.

#### JOE WORMALD,

##### Ex-Champion Pugilist of England.

[With Portrait.]

This pugilist, the last man to fight for the Heenan and Sayers Champion Belt, was born in London in 1840. He stood 6 feet in height, and weighed 200 pounds. His first battle in England was with Jack Smith, Jem Mace's "wolf." They fought for £50, in the London district, on May 26, 1863. 113 rounds were fought in 4 hours and 25 minutes, when darkness came on and the match ended in a draw. On June 25, 1864, he fought George Hies for £50, and won in 24 rounds, lasting 2 hours and 8 minutes. He was then matched to fight Andrew Marsden for £400 and the champion belt of England. The battle took place at Horley, Eng., Jan. 4, 1865. In the 18th round Wormald won the fight by knocking Marsden out of time. The fight lasted 37 minutes. Jem Mace and Wormald were then matched for £200. While training, Wormald injured his hand and forfeited £120 to Mace. Wormald was then matched to fight Ned O'Baldwin for £200 a side and the champion belt. Wormald received the £200 and the championship through O'Baldwin's default. Wormald arrived in America on August 4, 1868, and at once challenged O'Baldwin to fight for \$1,000 a side. The pugilists met at Lynnfield, Mass., on October 29, 1868. Wormald's seconds were George Butt and George Rooke, while Jess Allen was his umpire, and "The" Allen his principal backer. Charles Diamond and Joe Cornburn seconded O'Baldwin, while Jim Collins was his umpire. Dan Noble acted as referee. Wormald proved himself the best man early in the fight. In the first round his tactics had O'Baldwin puzzled, and he had the best of the battle. The police, who had been concealed in a barn close by, now made a descent, causing a scatterment and arresting the principals, who were at once conveyed to Lynn, where they were, upon examination, required to give bonds in \$5,000 to appear for trial, in default of which they were committed to jail. Their friends came forward, however, and O'Baldwin was bailed the same day, Wormald being released on the 31st. Dan Noble appointed another time and another place of fighting, but Wormald refused to obey the mandate, and the stakes were awarded to O'Baldwin. Wormald then went to Canada, and died of delirium tremens on May 29, 1871. He was so powerful during the attacks of the dreadful malady that he had to be bound with ropes, and when he died he was buried with them around him.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

JOE WORMALD, EX-CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST.—[PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE BY JOHN WOOD, 208 BOWERY, N. Y.]



## STRANGE BURIAL SCENE.

Dykes, the Checker Player, Reads a Panegyric Over the Grave of His Wife, and is Stopped.

James Dykes is perhaps the most celebrated checker player in Canada. His wife died recently, and he endeavored to supplant the clergyman and conduct the services himself. Then followed an unseemly scene at the grave, the bystanders forcing Dykes to stop reading. The case attracted considerable attention in Canada, and Dykes himself sends the following account of the scene to the London *Free Press*. He claims that it was his wife's request that any remarks made at the grave should be made by himself, and accordingly he spent a great amount of time in preparing the following panegyric:

"MY FRIENDS: We have assembled to-day to perform the last sad rites to the dead. I say my friends, for I verily believe there are none present who have come here simply to measure by the tears he shall shed the anguish that wrings the heart of an afflicted husband and father.

"The kind and affectionate wife, the tender mother! At an age when the shadows were still falling towards the West! Death touched her tired heart, and she fell into that dreamless sleep that 'kisses down the eyelids still.' She embarked on the dark, misty ocean of eternity, whence no breeze ever blows hitherward. But if there be a heaven and if there be a righteous God, His breath must swell the sail and direct its course to that beautiful shore where sorrow is known no more and happiness reigneth forever.

"O, sorrow! how close thou treadest on the heels of enjoyment. The rose has its thorn, the peach its worm, and decay lies concealed in the chalice of the flower. All earthly things are doomed to pass away. Death is a debt of nature which we all, rich and poor alike, sooner or later must pay. When that grim messenger on the pale horse shall call for us we must go. We see the grave open to-day to receive its tenant, and the withered turf and the cold clay fold her in its bosom to sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

"Born of poor but respectable parents, her heart was none the less pure, her mind none the less noble. In the language of the poet, she



KENWARD PHILP, CHARGED WITH CRIMINAL LIBEL ON PRESIDENT-ELECT GARFIELD—ALSO CHARGED WITH BEING THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHINESE LETTER."

escape from actual death during the death scene in "Camille," at the Globe Theatre, in Boston, on Wednesday night last. She was lying on a lounge near a mantel, on which were the glasses supposed to contain her medicine, when the mantel began to totter. Exclamations from the audience caused her to quickly leave her position, which she did an instant before the heavy mantel crashed down upon the lounge.

## THE SPRAGUE SCANDAL.

Serious Charges Against Her Spouse—A Very Bad Man, if All Charges Are True.

Before the supreme court of the county of Washington, Rhode Island, on the third Monday of February next, will be given a hearing to a petition for divorce, filed last week by Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, wife of ex-Gov. Sprague. In her petition Mrs. Sprague says that she was married to William Sprague in Washington, in 1863, and that she has ever since kept and performed on her part all the obligations of the marriage covenant, but that the said William Sprague has violated the same, in this: That he has committed adultery with divers women, at divers places and times since the said marriage, to wit: with Mary Eliza Viall, alias Mary Eliza Anderson; Elizabeth R. McCue, Harriet Brown, Maggie English, Nannie Adams, Minnie Wilson and divers others, whose names are unknown to petitioner; that he has been guilty of extreme cruelty in attempting to throw her out of a window, and in threatening to kill her; that he has been guilty of continued drunkenness; that since the early part of the year 1879 he has refused to support her and her children; that he has broken up and destroyed furniture in their house, at one time collecting bedding and furniture in the night time and making a bonfire of it; that he has repeatedly falsely accused her of gross improprieties with other men; that he has intercepted her letters; that he refused to allow her friends to see her; that he sought to imprison her; that he frequently attempted to have criminal intercourse with the female domestics and guests in the family; that by his conduct and threats he drove her from Canonchet; that for more than two years said Sprague has in every way sought to annoy and disturb the petitioner, and to make her life wretched; that he has persistently



THE BEST SCENE SHE EVER ACTED—SARAH BERNHARDT, WHILE PLAYING THE CHARACTER OF "CAMILLE," NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH FROM THE FALLING OF THE MIRRORS AND MANTEL USED IN THE STAGE SETTING; BOSTON.

gave to misery all she had, a tear.' Possessed of a superior education, an insatiable thirst for knowledge and a firm determination to examine into all matters for herself, she eagerly devoured the standard works of science and philosophy, and formed for herself the basis of a religion purely her own. No, not purely her own. She venerated the name of him who said, 'The world is my country, and to do good is my religion.' Although rocked in the Calvinistic cradle, she abhorred with all her heart and soul that infamous doctrine of fore-ordination. She could not believe that the mother could be happy in heaven and look down upon her little fair-haired boy writhing in the red-hot agonies of hell."

At this point he complains that the murmurs of dissent which had followed the reading so far broke out violently. Some of the bystanders, vexed at the turn of his remarks, went up to him and snatched the paper out of his hand and tore it in pieces, vowing that such sentiments were utterly intolerable in a Christian community. After this rude interruption the burial was quietly proceeded with. Dykes claims that there was nothing objectionable in the paper.

## Bernhardt's Close Call.

(Subject of Illustration.)  
Mrs. Bernhardt had a narrow



GETTING A FREE RIDE ON THE STRENGTH OF A DOG'S TEETH—HOW AN INVENTIVE DAME BEATS THE CONFIDING CABBIES.

refused to deliver to her her wearing apparel and other personal property; that he has occupied Canonchet as a place of resort for persons of vicious reputation and bad character, consorting with them in revelry and drunkenness, and that he has permitted her son Willie to associate with such persons.

Wherefore Mrs. Sprague prays that she may be divorced from said William Sprague; that the custody of their four children may be awarded to her; that she may be allowed a reasonable alimony, and that she may be permitted to resume her maiden name, Katherine Chase.

To this petition are signed the names of E. H. Hazard and C. H. Parkhurst as attorneys, and Winchester Britton as counsel.

## A Happy Thought.

(Subject of Illustration.)  
A fashionably dressed and aristocratic female in London, England, has hit upon a happy and at the same time shrewd device for driving about that city in an economical way. When she hires a conveyance she takes with her as a companion in the vehicle an exceptionally large Newfoundland dog. On arriving at the end of her journey she simply sets the dog on the cabman and walks off without paying.



## HUMAN VAGARIES.

MRS. VALENTINE, a white woman of Columbus, O., not only married a negro, but deserted a white husband to do it, and has been arrested for bigamy.

A CINCINNATI man turned his blind daughter into the streets, though amply able to support her, because she refused to commit suicide with the poison he had provided.

THE police of Jackson, Mich., arrested five members of a family who had accumulated by theft two big wagon loads of articles, ranging in size from a cotton tidy to a cabinet organ. The latter had been stolen from a church.

A WOMAN applied to the Meriden police the other day, requesting them to arrest a man who had come up behind her in a stealthy manner and stolen a kiss before she was aware of what he was about. The "horrid thing" has not yet been arrested.

MRS. HENGGARTNER gave a generous breakfast to a tramp at Canton, O., and he rewarded her by pocketing some spoons. She intercepted him at the gate, shot a bullet through the stomach which she had enabled him to fill, and recovered the silverware.

THE Rev. F. W. Fraeger, of St. Paul, says that a clerical training totally unfit a man for mercantile pursuits. The reverend gentleman combined storekeeping with preaching, and before three months had elapsed he had forged a note for \$1,500.

A BLIND boy at Montreal has built a miniature house inside an ordinary four-ounce bottle, out of forty pieces of wood neatly glued together. It would puzzle a person with good eyesight to get the parts into the bottle, to say nothing of putting them together.

At a recent wedding in Bordeaux the groom was a convict, who wore handcuffs at the ceremony and had three policemen for his best men. His mother and sisters were with him, and the bride was allowed to talk to him alone just five minutes. Rather a short honeymoon.

A SCHOOL girl saw a play performed at San Luis, Cal., in which the heroine died by poison, after suffering very much from unrequited love. The girl had an unhappy love affair of her own and the performance on the stage impressed her so deeply that she bought arsenic on the way home and committed suicide.

A WOMAN at Lodi, Pa., deliberately starved herself to death. The process required six weeks of total abstinence from food, though she drank sparingly of water. She had long been eccentric, and the death of her mother destroyed her reason. Thereupon she went to bed with the avowed intention of dying, and never ate again.

A YOUNG fellow a few days ago applied to a justice of the peace in Iowa City, to know how much it would cost to get married. The justice named the price, \$2, and because the justice would not knock off fifty cents the young man concluded to postpone the marriage, and he and his girl, whom he had in waiting, departed together.

DAVIS S. MAUCH attempted to murder his wife at Washington, Ind., and left her, as he supposed, dead. She lay at the point of death for weeks, but recovered, though shockingly disfigured by the wounds inflicted with an ax. He was never arrested, and the wife has gone to join him, saying that she could not live away from him.

THE story goes that a young American lady who was traveling in Japan took a gold locket from the tray of a native jeweler, and when afterward the lark was discovered and an American official made the explanation that it was only a matter of kleptomania, the native merchant put up a sign in his store, "By American law kleptomania is no crime."

SOMETHING over a year ago a young girl left Dubuque at the summons of her lover, to go to the far-off country of New Zealand, to marry him. She made the long journey and has just returned to Dubuque unwedded. After reaching New Zealand her lover showed such an indisposition to marry her that the girl declined to hold him to his promise.

A DISGRACEFUL scene occurred at the burial of a man named Lucas, who lived near Somerset, Ky. When the corpse was conveyed to the grave no vault had been dug for the coffin. After the body had been lowered a crowd of small boys, who had collected at the grave, were allowed to throw clods of dirt upon the coffin, and yell out to each other not to throw too hard or they "would wake the old man up."

AN observing ocean-steamer captain says he knows at once whether a young woman has left her lover at one port or expects to meet him at the other. If her lover is behind her, she cares nothing for wind, rain or fog; but gets tanned, freckled, and roughened in a highly healthful and independent fashion; but if her lover is waiting for her, she takes infinite trouble with veils and other complexion preservatives.

CHARLES BONSELL, a New England Yankee, opened a store at La Joya, New Mexico, a small town peopled by Mexicans. He was regarded with suspicion in his business, and when he began to pay attention to the Mexican belle of the place, her four other suitors combined and kicked him out of the house. Then he drew a revolver and deliberately fired at each, killing three in succession and wounding the fourth.

THE bridegroom in a mock marriage, at Holton, Kansas, thought it was all in earnest. He had pestered the bride with his attentions, notwithstanding numerous rebuffs, and she had conspired with her friends to make sport of him. A wedding party was gathered, a ceremony was performed by a pretended clergyman, and the victim did not know that he had been imposed upon until the time had come to retire for the night. Then they undeceived him.

JAMES ROBINSON, who recently eloped with another man's wife, children and household effects, was convicted on Saturday in the Circuit Court at Hagerstown of abduction of the children. Sentence was deferred. The court ruled that the father was the head of the family and that the wife had no more right to abduct the children from the home than the father had provided for them than any other person and that any party in aiding her was a party to the abduction.

SIMON and Joseph Kline, father and son, of Canton, O., both wanted to marry their housekeeper. The old man owned all the property, and the woman gave him the preference on that account, assuring Joseph that she would marry him as soon as she became a widow. But the son had a plan for getting her and the estate without delay. He poisoned his father, first using so much arsenic that the result was not fatal, and finally producing death with morphine.

AN Indiana paper prints the following as having occurred in the experience of a young minister who, as he was ascending the pulpit steps, was button-holed by one of the elders for a whispered word of caution: "The liquor dealer has just come into church, and he gives us a lift sometimes. I wish you would be particular not to allude to the whisky business or the temperance question." The young minister, getting frightened to see the moral ground thus steadily narrowing before him, inquired: "Whom or what shall I preach against then?" The elder's reply came with an air of triumph: "Preach against the Mormons; they haven't got a friend in town!"

PRETTY waiter girls, or rather plain ones, are one of the freshest novelties of Rome, where has been opened a new restaurant, coffee and beer saloon, in the ground floor of the building in Piazza Colonna, which was used as a post-office under Gregory XVI., was afterward a French military club, was again a post-office, and was finally sold to the banker, Signor Wedekind, who has added a story to it and made many improvements. The white marble columns, said to have been brought from Veli, have been repolished. The proprietors of the beer saloon have introduced female waiters, and thereby expose themselves to the comments, not always favorable, of the Roman press. It is said that the young men, instead of drinking beer, gaze at the fair waitresses.

It was necessary, on a certain occasion in court, to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr. Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to drown all suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?" The witness looked up innocently and replied: "Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe." The lawyer again asked: "But, sir, what gait does he ride?" The imperturbable witness answered: "He never rides any gait at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gait on the farm." The lawyer saw he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating: "How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer." "Well, sir," said the witness, "he keeps up with the rest, if his horse is able to, or if not he falls behind." The lawyer, now almost beside himself, asked: "How does he ride when he is alone?" "I don't know," was the reply; "I was never with him when he was alone," and there the case dropped.

GREAT excitement has been occasioned at Dallas, Texas, by the discovery that a remnant of a band of religious fanatics, styling themselves Sanctificationists, have been practicing their peculiar religion lately in a remote corner of that city. Two women named Mrs. Mueller and Lizzie Copeland, her married daughter, have for the past week or more been fasting, claiming that they were sanctified to an extent that their bodies did not require sustenance. Several men, who hung idly about Mrs. Mueller's house, ate but little, going for days without food. The family are Germans, and with them was an American of their faith. The women, after fasting several days, would go off into a trance, and on coming to would impart what the Holy Spirit had communicated to them. At a meeting a few days ago, a Mrs. Copenhagen stated that the Lord had directed her to reveal herself in her purity, and she disrobed herself of all her clothing, appearing before the members of the meeting in a nude state. She continued falling about the house in a religious fervor, and in her tumblings she fell on a hot stove and badly burned her arms and body. Steps will be taken to have them put in the insane asylum.

### BACKED OUT.

**A Young Lady who Wanted to be Romantic but Lacked the Nerve—A Wedding Ceremony that Did Not come off.**

Out near Bethany College, says a Topeka, Kan., paper, lives a beautiful and accomplished young lady, whose parents think her "all that is," and, of course, devote all attention to gratify any desire her thoughts may at any time crave. But, as nearly all girls like her, she had a suitor whom the old folks objected to, and took every manner of means imaginable to break off the association, but without avail. Finally the father turned his iron-clad command upon the daughter, and told her flat-footedly that she should end that business or not expect anything from him. That settled it. The girl would have had the fellow then or died in the attempt. All good-looking girls defy their parents and their friends when it comes to the pinch. She loved her beau and would have him, let the consequences be what they would afterward. So Saturday night was chosen as the time for an elopement and marriage. A few of the couple's young friends desired to see the alliance celebrated, and they joined to assist. The plot thickens. A young lady who lives on Topeka avenue, and who was interested, got up a party at

her house and invited the crowd, and there the marriage was to take place. The young lady in question played a game of toothache on her parents and went to bed about 6 o'clock. At the proper time her windows were hoisted, and she taken out by a young man. They went to the scene of revelry, where all was light and gay, and where the wedding march was played as the absconding pair entered the house. But just at this stage of the proceedings a fit of fear seized the intended bride, and before she could be sacrificed at Hymen's altar she backed out squarely and repented. Nothing could prevail on her to carry out the scheme, and she had to be taken home. In a close carriage the party drove within a block of the mansion, and she stole quietly up the remainder of the way. The window was hoisted again and the trembling form shoved back into its little bed, promising to go the whole hog next time, toothache or no toothache.

### HOMEWARD BOUND.

**A Street Car Scene Worth the Price of a Dozen Rides.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

If the POLICE GAZETTE reporter had needed any proof that the festive season of the masquerade had set in he would have found it the other night, or, to be more specific, the other morning, when he took a trip to Harlem flats for the purpose of describing the sunrise with that due regard for accuracy which characterizes all his work. As is usual at that hour of the morning, the surface cars were tolerably full of people on their way to work. But in one corner were two who, if appearances didn't give the lie to facts, had done their work and were resting from their labors.

They were a gentleman and lady. The gentleman was an elderly individual, whose flushed face suggested an acquaintance with champagne.

The lady was a mere girl—a bud just bursting into gorgeous womanhood.

The gentleman was attired in faultless black, with enough shirt front to print a newspaper on.

The lady was attired in—I was going to say nothing at all.

But I take that back. She might have just stepped from some stage where a burlesque was in progress, and on which she had been figuring as one of the Amazons very young and very old men are so prone to fall in love with, or as a prince or a page, or, in short, anything lovely that wears tights and spangles.

Planted firmly in the corner seat, with his strong knees making a resting-place for her, the elderly gentleman was snoring as comfortably as if he had been in his own bed. With her round arm about his neck and her face pillowed on that shirt front, she breathed in little gusts that would hardly have made a rose leaf quiver. A jolt of the car had sent the heavy rich furred cloak she had thrown over her sliding to the floor as I entered. In a minute more the watchful conductor had replaced it, saying, with a grin:

"Poor thing! I wouldn't want to have the bend on me she'll have before night! If I caught a girl of mine a-going to fancy dress balls, I'd—Fare, sir! Two, did you say?"

### THE POWER OF WILL.

**Men That Survive a Shock Under Which Others Die—Carrying Around Chunks of Lead Without a Murmur.**

Two cases of wonderful vitality, exhibiting the extraordinary results of self-will power, were treated in the hospital in this city last week. Two men were shot; each had two bullets in vital spots, yet they live. The one, Ned Lyons (husband of the notorious Sophia Lyons, the female crook), had a bullet in his jaw, which was broken, and another which went through the lung. The coroner, after Ned was shot, went to take his ante-mortem examination, but he refused to have it taken, and vowed that he "would be d—d if he would die."

Six weeks after, with broken jaw and bullet still in the lungs, the surgeons gave him a permit to go to court to testify against the man that shot him. Instead of permitting him to return to the hospital, he was committed to the prison at Jefferson Market, thence transferred to the Tombs in default of bail on a counter charge of shooting at Brock. This transfer to the Tombs, where he cannot have hospital medical care, looks very much like testing vitality and self-will power.

The other case was that of Justus Sherling, who was shot in the forehead and in the back. Almost any other man would have succumbed to the shock. Yet he ran down three flights of stairs, never uttered a cry, walked from the corner of Eighteenth street and Seventh avenue to Sixth avenue and Waverly Place, nearly three-quarters of a mile, where a policeman arrested him on observing the blood trickling over his face. The two balls have been extracted, and the probability is that he will live.

Coroner Knox said very truly that these men seldom give him a case; their power of self-will buoys them up.

There was Lew Baker, who received a bullet in the abdomen, which was never extracted, who could run from Prince to Canal street, go up Johnny Ling's stairs, clamber over the roof and make good his escape from the country without medical attendance.

Then there was Bill Poole, shot with Baker in the Stanwix Hall tragedy, who lived with a ball in the region of the heart for nearly two weeks. He was full of vitality, and probably would not have succumbed but for the imprudence of his friends. Instead of being kept quiet, for days thousands crowded into the parlor of his house in Christopher street, and the wet cloth was continually being lifted up to show the curious little red spot where the ball had

entered. Poole was rather proud of being exhibited, he was sure he would not die. But the continual lifting of the cloth allowed the air to get in, and the temperature of the body to charge, and with the excitement inflammation set in. Had he been taken to the hospital the result would have been different.

At the foot of Poole's bed lay Sy Shay, stretched on the floor, also shot in Stanwix Hall. There was a bullet in his thigh, another struck him on the forehead, ploughed right up, over and down the back of his head, and yet he survived.

As remarked by Coroner Knox in the case of Ned Lyons, personal will enabled him to survive, but with ordinary people the shock would be almost instant death.

### SHE TOOK IT ALL BACK.

**The Unnecessary Trouble Which a Jealous Wife Caused Herself by Going Through Her Husband's Pockets.**

Mrs. Van Bliessen, residing in a cosy house on Belleville avenue, Newark, N. J., is a model little wife, but she is awfully jealous of her husband. The slightest attentions paid by Van Bliessen to other ladies is magnified by the little woman into acts of the basest treachery to her. For years, after Van Bliessen had retired to rest, it has been the nightly practice of Mrs. Van Bliessen to go through her husband's pockets in search of imaginary billet-doux that he might have forgotten to destroy of his mail. She even fancied sometimes that there were odors about his pockets of bouquets that he had given to some rival, and then would come a bitter tirade about "some other woman," who was the imaginary recipient of all of Van Bliessen's best devotions.

Van Bliessen has a small iron safe of which his wife has never been able to learn the combination. Many a time during his absence she would have almost given her two bright black eyes to learn the secret of that safe, and frequently she had made him open it to dispel her jealous fears. But up to a recent night she had not been able to secure a simple fact against Van Bliessen's fidelity.

He went home weary and it was late. He opened the safe, threw in a little package, and leaving the door open, went to supper and thence to bed. Her time had come. Now she would gather the network of damning proof about him so that he could not escape. The house was silent, and she moved eagerly to the open safe. There was an unsealed envelope containing a note and a little package. The note was as follows:

"TO MY BEST BELOVED: Accept this as a proof of the love of yours. Your own HENRY."

"The — jade!" (Mrs. Van Bliessen is a religious woman, but the word she said would not sound well in a prayer meeting except in its proper application,) "they shall sweat for this."

As she opened the package she ground her teeth and was about to grind the pretty turquoise ring under her little heel; but no, she would confront him with it, "and let him deny it if he dared." She wondered if Lawyer B—— had gone to bed. Instantly, she would take the first step for a divorce.

She put on her overshoes and shawl and took them off a dozen times; still hesitating she paced the floor and at last shrieked hysterically:

"He is false, yes, he is as false as hell." The shrieks brought down Van Bliessen. With glittering eyes she held aloft the note and ring, and yelled:

"Oh, you d—d, infernal treacherous villain," and fell fainting upon the floor.

When he had sponged her head with cold water, she thought that she had had a horrible dream; he soothed her and somehow got her to look inside the ring, that in her frenzy she had failed to notice. There was engraved: "To my dear little wife Lillie." That was her name and she took it all back.

### TOO WELL HEELED.

**A Preacher Who Bet in the Wrong Place—The Bluff Game Didn't Work.**

Old Shockey, a peripatetic preacher, well-known to California, is such an ardent believer in scripture, says the Carson (Mo.) Appeal, that he is ready to bet on any proposition laid down in the Bible. A few weeks ago he visited the lake, and stopped on Sunday at Glenbrook. Being nearly penniless, he determined to give an exhortation, and, getting the use of a hall, called the sinners together. His text was the marine episode, in which Jonah was taken in by the whale.

"Now, my hearers, to the class of people who never look beyond the surface of things this looks like a hard story to believe, but I know it is so, every word of it."

He saw an incredulous look on the faces of a few of the hard cases in the front row, and, after pausing a moment, continued:

"I'll bet any man in the crowd \$100 coin up that I can prove every word of it. Does anybody respond?" He thrust his hand down into his trousers' pocket and leaned forward. He went on with his sermon, showing conclusively that the whale did all that was claimed for it, and then passed around the hat.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he said as it went down the row.

"Lay up your treasures in heaven, where neither moths nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal," he remarked again, as he saw the hat coming back.

It was handed to him empty, and he dismissed the audience with a hasty benediction. After the services he met one of his hearers, and complained bitterly of the lack of coin and enthusiasm in the town.

"We've got the enthusiasm here, parson," said the man addressed; "but when you bluffed us on a \$100 bet some thought you must be a road agent, and the rest concluded that a man so well heeled didn't need any collection in Glenbrook."



## MRS. BERGMAN'S ROMANCE.

The Story of a Passion Play on Sea and Shore—A Spanish Adonis Who Would Not be Wooed—A Stoughtoned Beauty Who Braved Rebuff and Bars.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The case of Mrs. Bergman, a society belle of Philadelphia, has been occupying the attention of those in this city who delight in heart romances, for some time past. Mrs. Bergman, according to her story, is married to a cold, unsympathetic man, utterly incapable of appreciating a warm, loving nature such as hers. During the past summer Mrs. Bergman was in Europe. While returning home she met on the steamship what she fondly and delusively, as the sequel will show, believed to be her affinity in the shape of a tall, gawky, and uncouth Spanish youth. He had the swarthy complexion, black hair, jetty eyes, and other characteristic features of his race, but that suavity of speech, dash of manner, and predilection for escapades were entirely wanting. He was very young, only eighteen, and very unsophisticated, indeed absolutely green, as will be seen.

His name was Manuel Gonzalez, and he was coming to New York in order to perfect himself in the English language. He was a descendant of a most respectable Spanish family, which had been reduced in circumstances until the oldest son, Alexander Gonzalez, emigrated to Mexico and accumulated considerable wealth. It was owing to this brother's generosity that the young Manuel is now being educated. He had previously studied in Prussia, and on the whole seems to be far more of the student than the cavalier.

When Mrs. Bergman beheld this unromantic garlic-chewer, her heart was simultaneously pierced with darts from Cupid's bow. She loved. The Spaniard, unlike his countrymen, was annoyed by the overtures that the lady made to him. He could not find one responsive chord in his nature. He avoided her whenever she came near. But she would brook no such treatment, and began to follow poor Manuel wherever he went, whether on deck or below. Still he would not notice her. Such treatment rendered her desperate, and finally despairing of his plucking the fruits of conversation which she so temptingly held out to him, she broke the ice herself by asking him to be kind enough to tell her the time of day. Manuel blushed furiously, and fumbling in his pocket complied with her request. She was not satisfied with this, however, and continued the conversation until Mr. Bergman hove in sight, when she left.

On the following day Manuel was sitting alone in the stern of the ship musing upon his adventure of the day before, when he was startled by these remarkable words spoken close beside him and in a voice subdued with emotion: "Do you know that I think you are very handsome?"

Poor Manuel sprang to his feet and found himself face to face with Mrs. Bergman, whose face was crimson with blushes and whose eyes were bent upon the deck. Manuel himself felt as if every drop of blood in his body had rushed to his face and for a few moments he could not speak, so badly was he frightened. He finally summoned up courage enough to make some commonplace reply and left her as quickly as possible. In the innocence of his youth Manuel confided this curious circumstance to his friends, who at once informed him that they had just seen Mr. Bergman walking around below with a pistol in his hand. Young Gonzalez was now both frightened and indignant and determined to avoid the pretty Bergman at all hazards.

Poor resolve! That same night, as he stood in the main cabin, while Mr. Bergman was on deck with some friends, he was approached by Mrs. Bergman, who said, with the sweetest smile and eyes beaming with affection: "Won't you come down to my cabin? I want to show you my parrot?" The very marrow chilled in Manuel's bones, and, despite the gently pleading tone in which this strange request was uttered, he stammered out: "No, no, madame. Parrots are nothing new to me."

During all these little love experiences Mr. Bergman was an outraged but silent observer. At length the good ship entered port, the Spaniard going to the house of a friend in this city, his admirer going with her husband to Philadelphia. Day and night her ideal of manliness and beauty haunted her. Unable to stand separation from him longer she came to New York, leaving the husband to pine in loneliness. She was arrested and brought to Police Headquarters, and every effort made to cure her of her infatuation. She was deaf to all appeals for her return home. Her decision was irrevocable. She loved Gonzalez, and was determined to call him her own, or do something desperate.

Finally, it was determined that the Spaniard should meet her and express his feelings in terms which she could understand. This might cure her of her infatuation. Accordingly he came to Police Headquarters and confronted his adorer. When Gonzalez was brought into the room where she was, Mrs. Bergman appeared cool and collected. She explained her anxiety to meet him on the ground that she heard that he had committed a forgery in Spain, and was to be arrested when he arrived in this city. Remembering that she had been so friendly to him on board the steamer, she had come to New York to give ball for him and to help him financially to the extent of her means; in short, that she was entirely at his service.

To this story of devotion, told with a marked effort at calmness, the bloodless young Spaniard coldly replied that the stories she had heard were not true, but that he thanked her for her kindness in taking such an interest in him. He then arose to leave, when Mrs. Bergman, unable longer to control herself, threw herself madly at his feet and besought him that if he had one spark of feeling or love for her, or if there was one mite of pity in his heart, to take her to his bosom; that she loved him better than her life; that without him she could not live and would not; that she dwelt upon the few moments that she had passed in his society as the

sweetest of her life, and that he had become dearer to her than aught in the world beside. The poor girl's eyes were streaming, and the wild, pleading looks that wraped her features would have moved a heart of stone.

Manuel was as pale as a ghost, but evidently from fear, for he said: "Madame, I have heard that you seem to be infatuated with me, and I am at a loss to understand such a state of affairs, for I have never given you the slightest cause to think that I had even a passing regard for you. On the contrary, I am disgusted with your conduct."

In answer to these cruel words Mrs. Bergman covered her face with her hands for a moment, and then cried with the terror of despairing hope:

"Marry me! Here I throw my heart and fortune at your feet!" Her face was as white as death now, and her breath was bated as she awaited the Spaniard's answer. He looked piteously uncomfortable as he answered:

"I will not marry you."

She tried once or twice to speak but failed, and then with a heartrending effort she cried out with all the pain of utter despair in her voice:

"Well, then, take me, only to live near you. It is all I ask. Take my fortune, everything; only do not leave me!" She almost moaned the last words, but still Gonzalez seemed to be possessed with but one feeling, a desire to fly.

"Madame," he said, "I will have nothing further to do with you. I beg you to leave me alone. I can have no love for you, as I am already engaged to a Spanish lady, whom I am to marry soon."

For a moment Mrs. Bergman appeared as if she would faint. Her lips were bloodless and in her eyes there was a dazed, lifeless expression that told the suffering she endured. Then she gradually rallied, and without saying a word arose and walking out of the parlor sat down in Mrs. Webb's rooms.

Manuel Gonzalez has returned to his boarding school, and his friends claim that Mrs. Bergman will never be able to discover his lodgings. That unfortunate young woman, however, is by no means cured of her strange infatuation, and she is liable to commit some act of the most startling nature at any moment.

## THE PARSON'S POP.

How Rev. Mr. Burrell Made Love to One of the Ewe Lambs of His Flock, and How the Innocent Young Creature Kicked in the Harness.

The marriage of the Rev. Luther A. Burrell with Miss Elizabeth Hemmon, of which an account was published at the time in the POLICE GAZETTE has been annulled. The case was tried in the Rockland County (New York) Court. The plaintiff was in court, elegantly attired, accompanied by her parents and friends. She appeared as a splendidly developed young lady of about seventeen, of refined manners and remarkable personal attractions. The defendant appeared as a well-made, intellectual man of thirty, slightly bald. He is a clergyman of the Lutheran Church.

It appeared from the statement during the trial that the defendant was a pastor of the church at Ramsey's, Bergen County, N. J. Among his parishioners was Mr. Hemmon, a wealthy farmer residing in the neighborhood. Mr. Burrell, as pastor, made the acquaintance of this gentleman and family, including Miss Elizabeth Hemmon, the plaintiff.

It was not known that he had ever shown her any particular attention. She was popular in the neighborhood, and more than one likely young man would have been only too happy to receive her smiles. She was, however, very reserved, and gave no encouragement to any one to consider her more than an ordinary acquaintance.

One day last summer the Rev. Mr. Burrell drove up to the residence of Mr. Hemmon and asked Miss Elizabeth whether, with her parents' consent, she would accompany him for a drive. Being willing herself, and her parents consenting, she accompanied her pastor for a pleasant afternoon trip. He drove her down to Nyack, on the Hudson, and when approaching that town told Miss Hemmon that he loved her and desired to wed her.

She testified she declined the honor and requested to be driven home. Thereupon she swore her pastor drew a revolver from his rear pocket, and, presenting it at her, said: "Unless you marry me at once, you shall never return home alive." The plaintiff swore that being greatly alarmed, and the defendant repeating his threat, and being, as she believed, evidently in earnest, she consented, though protesting against the outrage, to accompany him to the house of a clergyman and be married. Thereupon her pastor drove her to the house of Dominic Day, at Nyack, and there the ceremony was performed.

After the marriage the plaintiff was driven home by the defendant, and reached the doors of her parents' residence at midnight. There the Rev. L. A. Burrell bade her good-by, and they never associated as man and wife.

For three weeks afterward both the girl and her parents went into society as usual, the girl receiving the attention of her male acquaintances as usual, and the pastor conducting himself in every respect as though he was an ordinary friend of Miss Hemmon. At length the pastor claimed the girl as his wife, and then she positively refused to respond, maintaining that she had been forced to marry him as described under pain of death.

The Rev. L. A. Burrell, who gave his age as twenty-six, solemnly denied he used any force or intimidation, and swore that Miss Hemmon consented willingly to the union. He admitted that he had a pistol in his rear pocket, but swore that he never threatened her with it or drew it, but said that accidentally as he pulled out his handkerchief the pistol protruded, and the young lady saw it.

Judge Barnard gave judgment for the plaintiff, holding that the contract was procured by force, and declaring the marriage null and void.

## SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

A Divorce Suit That Was Postponed for Mutual Reasons—Extensive Independence on Both Sides of a Frisky Couple.

The eminently respectable community of Darlington, Wis., is now felicitating itself upon a partial escape from one of the most distressing ordeals that has ever threatened any portion of the state. For nearly two years society has been periodically convulsed by the impending calamity, but an eruption has never occurred, and it is now generally believed that the danger of such an event has happily been avoided. While the majority of those who have had knowledge of the outlines of the case are rejoicing at the sudden turn that affairs have taken, there is a disappointed minority that is ever dissatisfied when cleanliness and godliness gain supremacy. To these the announcement that the case that had promised so much had been compromised was most unwelcome, but the good people of the county, of whom there are many left, felt that the sudden change was a beneficent interposition of Providence.

The previous social standing of the parties in the case, and the fact that they were known all over the county, had the effect of attracting great attention when the suit was first begun; and when postponements were made and time was given gossip to prepare testimony in advance for their own gratification and it was seen that efforts to suppress facts were being made, additional curiosity centered in it.

The main figure in the case is Dr. Allen R. Law. As near as can be ascertained the doctor arrived in Belmont, Wis., about sixteen years ago, and made the house of a relative his home. Subsequently he entered the drug business, and later began the study of medicine, in which he graduated and was constituted a practitioner. During his sojourn in Belmont he led a moderately exemplary life and was a general favorite among his acquaintances, both in the town and county. In those years he was admitted to the best society, among the members of which was counted the family of William A. Garden, the head of which at that time held the position of civil engineer on the Mineral Point Railroad. The most interesting portions of Mr. Garden's household were two young girls, the younger of whom bore the name of Mollie. As the years accumulated Mollie and the young doctor displayed a fondness for each other that was observed by her parents with considerable solicitude, as the amateur saw-bones had latterly lost caste with them for reasons that need not be stated. However, the objections advanced by the girl's parents resulted as such interference usually does, and late one evening in the summer Mollie and Allan were joined in the "holy bonds" at the residence of a friend in Belmont, Mollie having escaped from her home by way of a window without the knowledge of her parents. And so were begun marital relations, the details of which, fortunately, perhaps, were buried in the uncertain pigeon-hole of a court clerk's desk and the breasts of a battalion of witnesses.

As to their subsequent life, little or nothing was developed in court, on account of the sudden termination of the case at this term of the circuit court. It is asserted, however, by those who profess knowledge of the facts, that for at least two years the pair lived agreeably, and the substantial fruit of their union came to them in the form of a girl baby that to-day is the cause of all the unhappy contention. After the two years the record is presumably silent; but it is not entirely so, as may appear hereafter.

A couple of years ago it was currently reported in Belmont that Law and his wife were living unhappily; but no particulars were given, and little credit was given the rumors, as they seemed unworthy of attention. At length there were unmistakable signs of trouble in the household, and when Mrs. Law removed from her home to that of her parents, gossip was rife as to the cause, and the entire county was aroused, the family's acquaintance being large, and the doctor having worked his way to a lucrative practice throughout the neighborhood. Then followed the publication of the fact that the doctor had sued for divorce from his wife on a charge of adultery; but aside from a few intimates of the family, nobody knew the particulars.

Then the wife filed a counter charge, and the gossip was kept busy. Dr. Law in his petition for divorce claimed that his wife had been criminally intimate with several of the leading men of the place, and that his charges were based upon confessions made by his wife to him. Her return shot, it seems, was more than he could stand. Hence the compromise. She claims, in retaliation, that the doctor was the very incarnation of brutality and inhumanity. She denied every allegation he made against her good name, and claims that on four separate and distinct occasions after the birth of their first child, he forced her to submit to operations that prevented her from becoming a mother, impaired her health, and greatly endangered her life; that previous to the last operation, which was performed about the 20th of February, 1879, she protested vigorously against it, but he abused her in an inhuman manner, and said he would not be thwarted in his desire, which was that she should have no more children. She then begged him, on account of her extreme nervousness, to wait one day, her purpose being to inform her friends and escape the torture. But he would not relent, and the Thursday after they separated she was very near her death on his account. Furthermore she claimed that on two occasions during their married life the complainant committed adultery with some one to the defendant unknown, and contracted a loathsome disease, which he communicated to the defendant, and which greatly impaired her health. Also, that his great partiality for servant girls, and his familiarity with them, was a source of great annoyance and disgust to the defendant; and that on several occasions he swore at her in a fearful manner, and at one time struck her several times, because she had failed to clean a gun which he had been using.

In support of her allegations, Mrs. Law was well pro-

vided with testimony. She would, had the case come before the courts, have attempted to show that, soon after she left him, Law went to Chicago, and brought back with him a comely mulatto girl, whom he installed as his housekeeper, and whom she thinks she would be able to prove as his mistress. What relations the damsel may have sustained to the doctor, in fact, is not positively known; but that an intimacy existed would have been proven, as she alleges, by Max Goldman, an optical drummer running out of Chicago. The latter was on hand ready for the trial.

According to an affidavit on file, he would have told a story something like this: He was acquainted with Mr. Law, and while in Belmont, one day, the doctor told him something of his trouble, and said he wanted him to be present at his house on that evening, as the Kanouse girl was to be there and make a statement, which he desired he should overhear. He complied and was secreted behind a door, while Law dictated an affidavit, wrote it out, and the girl signed it. Soon after the mulatto girl came in, and the doctor proposed that they have some fun. He accordingly sent the two girls after some whisky and told Goldman to go up stairs and retire, stating that he would send one of the girls up as soon as they returned. Not long afterward the mulatto girl entered his apartment and displayed a mercenary spirit, which so wrought upon his feelings that he arose and ejected her from the room. He slept through the night, and early in the morning arose and left the house. While passing through the parlor he saw the Kanouse girl's wearing apparel strewn negligently about the room, and heard a snoring duet in the doctor's bedroom. He was so well satisfied regarding the identity of the occupants of the room that he did not investigate further.

To make a long story short, the doctor found that his wife held a pretty good hand, and that a continuation of the same might result in his defeat. He made up his mind that the less said in public about his domestic matters, the better. So his wife and him met, agreed to forget each other as man and wife, and paddle their canoe separately for ever and ever. Thus has the public been spared a tale which would illustrate very plainly "that things are not what they seem."

## A GRAY-HAIRED SINNER.

An Aged Boston Merchant Arrested For the Murder of His Paramour by Abortion.

A startling tragedy, resembling in its important characteristics the well-remembered trunk tragedy at Lynn, Mass., whereby Jennie Clark met her fate at the hands of an abortionist, has come to light in Boston. Lewis B. Follette, a hitherto respectable merchant of that city has been arrested for aiding and abetting in an abortion on the person of his mistress, Miss Rebecca T. Long.

On a stormy afternoon, nearly two weeks ago several persons saw a coffin brought from a dwelling-house in a respectable portion of Malden and placed in a hearse in waiting, the vehicle being rapidly driven to the town tomb, followed by no mourners. The curiosity and suspicion awakened by this circumstance have led to the exposure of the darkest crime that has startled that community since the trunk tragedy.

Follette, who is sixty-six years of age, had been a dealer in dry and fancy goods in Boston for fifteen years. Previous to coming to Boston he was in business in Portland, Me., where, in 1863, he became acquainted with Miss Long, who was then eighteen years of age, and employed her as a saleswoman.

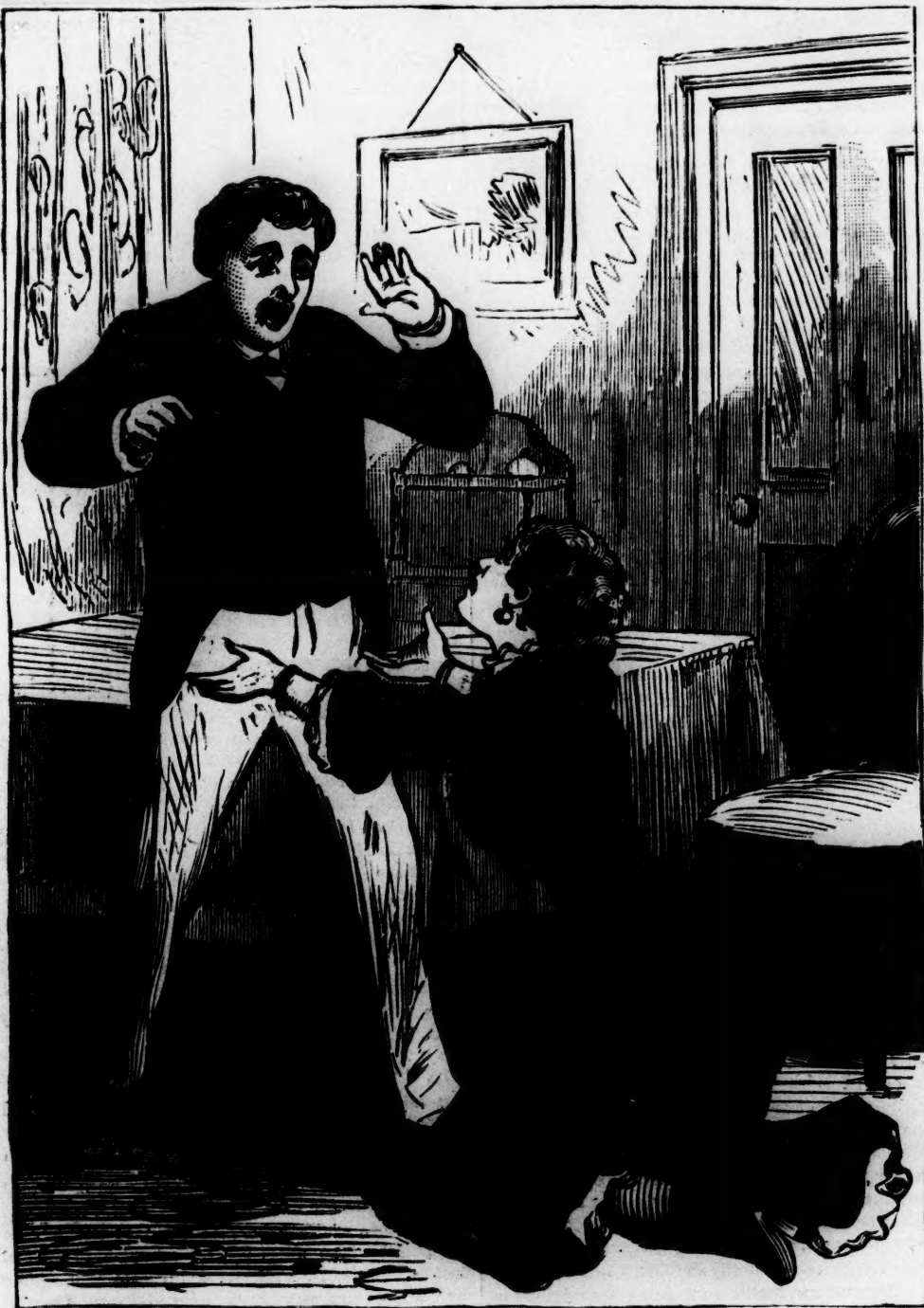
When he came to Boston she came with him, and was in his store till he failed, two or three years ago. All this time Follette was a married man, but five years ago, on account of his infidelity, Mrs. Follette obtained a divorce. Since his bankruptcy he has done little or nothing, being supported chiefly by his mistress, whose salary in a large house on Washington street was handsome. It is not yet positively known that the couple were unduly intimate all these years, but all facts now in hand point to that conclusion, and no other.

On the 15th of November Miss Long appeared at a house in Malden and asked for board while recovering from illness. She lived with the family very pleasantly, going daily to Boston, until the 23d, when she was exposed to a severe storm and caught cold. She became ill and remained in the house after that growing rapidly worse, till the 2d inst., when she died. Like hundreds who, like her, have fallen victims to man's lust, she steadfastly refused to betray her betrayer, and only when about to die she requested his presence, and then gave an assumed name, which she supposed would effectually disguise him. On the afternoon of the 2d inst., he came, and on seeing the dying woman, who was unconscious, he exclaimed, "Don't you know me, Rebecca?" He was too late. Life was almost gone, and she died at midnight without recognizing him.

The old man sat by the body till morning, when he made the proper arrangements about burial, took the dead woman's jewels and returned to Boston, remaining long enough, however, to attend the funeral, which was presided over by Rev. Mr. Cass, the Baptist preacher. During all this time he figured as Mr. Long, the husband of the deceased. The preacher became suspicious from certain things he observed, and it was at his instance the investigation was begun.

An autopsy showed beyond doubt that death resulted from criminal malpractice, and of the most unprofessional and crudest description. Identification of the parties was difficult, but all obstacles were overcome and the arrest of Follette resulted as above stated. He recited the facts of his acquaintance with Miss Long, which are quoted above. He appeared very downcast, although he made no admissions which might tell against himself. The person who performed the operation is not known, but it is believed that the deed was done in Boston, and there are some grounds for believing that Follette's own hands guided the deadly steel. Miss Long's reputation among her employers and acquaintances was of the best, and Follette has never been thought a libertine.





ROMANTIC MRS. BERGMANN MEETS THE OBJECT OF HER UNREQUITED AFFECTION, AND ON HER KNEES BEGS HIM TO RETURN HER LOVE; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.

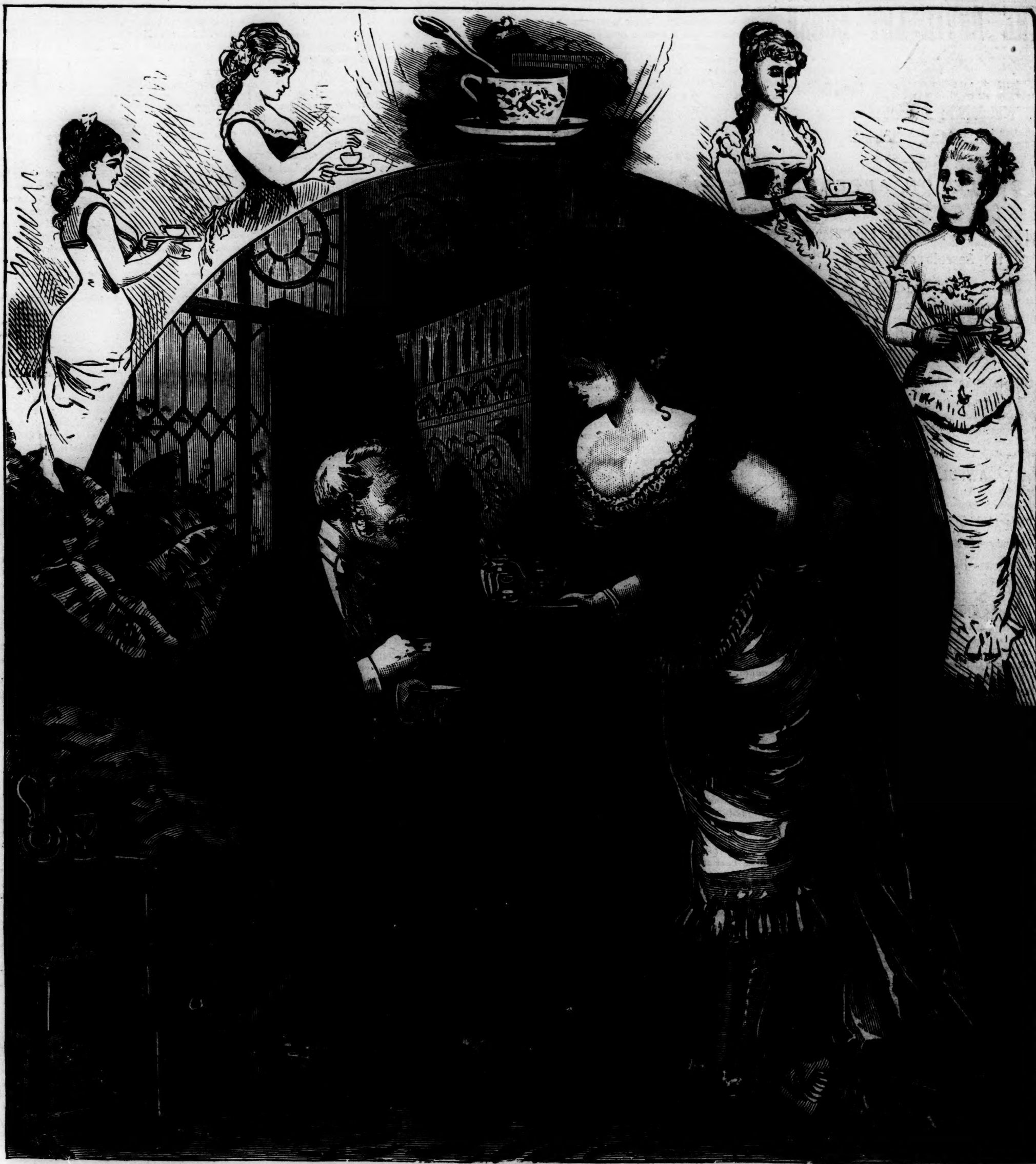


THE SIMPLE DEVICE WHICH AN ECONOMICAL FATHER ADOPTED IN ORDER TO SAVE HIS FURNITURE FROM THE WEAR AND TEAR INCIDENTAL TO SUNDAY NIGHT SPARKING.—SEE PAGE 10.



"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL, AND WITH THE ANGELS STAND."—APPLICANTS FOR HEAVENLY HONORS WHO CAME IN RESPONSE TO AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR PEOPLE TO PLAY THE PART OF ANGELS IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," SOON TO BE PRODUCED AT BOOTH'S THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.





THE PRETTY WAITRESS AS SEASONING FOR A CUP OF TEA.—See Page 2.



A WOLF IN SEARCH OF A SQUARE MEAL HELPS HIMSELF TO A BABY; CLINTONVILLE, PA.—See Page 11.



A SAILOR IN NEED OF A DRINK STEALS A COFFIN AND TRIES TO RAISE THE PRICE OF IT ON THE SAME; NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 10.



## THE DEVIL LET LOOSE

Or His Spirit, Rather, if the Capers  
Which Are Described Below  
Are Any Criterion.

## A SKELETON APPEARS

And With Its Fleshless Lips Reveals  
the Secrets of a Mysteri-  
ous Crime.

## A SECOND-DEGREE MURDERER.

A Couple Who Thought That Each Was  
Well Fixed, and Got  
Fooled.

## THAT AWFUL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A "Blarsted Chinee" Falls in Love With  
a Pretty Waitress, and Goes to Glory  
Because She Don't Reciprocate.

## A DOCTOR'S AMOUR.

### A CHINAMAN'S DEATH FOR LOVE.

At Young, a Chinaman in Chicago, Ill., loved an American waitress girl there and wanted to marry her. She declined, and the Chinaman poisoned himself.

### IN LOVE WITH THE MONEY.

MONTREAL, Can., Dec. 20.—A singular case is in progress in the Equity Court here. A medical man is suing for a divorce on the ground that he was deceived as to his wife's fortune. The lady is the widow of a Scotchman who was reported to have left her \$32,000. The doctor fell in love with the money and married the widow, to find almost immediately afterward that she was not even possessed of a comfortable living. The lady alleges that she is the aggrieved party, as she married the doctor believing him to be a millionaire, and now finding that he is no better off than herself, is just as anxious for a separation as he is.

### A MINISTER'S CRIME.

Miss Lillian Porter is a bright girl of twenty years, whose home is at Mansfield, Pa. The young lady, anxious to join the Pittsburgh High School, came to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Sample, of Allegheny, to lodge while in attendance. Some weeks ago she returned home, when it was discovered that she had been betrayed. She confessed that her uncle, the Presbyterian preacher, was the guilty man. Sample is aged about fifty years, has a wife and several interesting daughters. He was arrested by Constables Passco and Clark, of Mansfield, and charges were preferred against him. Sample entered bail before Alderman Edgar for his appearance at Mansfield.

### THAT AWFUL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The following story is causing painful feeling in Rome: A young man named Moretti, a tailor, was condemned to a short term of imprisonment for some alleged fraud in his dealings. A girl to whom he was betrothed went to the police magistrate to ask about his fate and prospects. The magistrate told her that he would assuredly remain many years in prison. The girl, in despair, poisoned herself forthwith. Soon afterward Moretti was found to be innocent, and was at once discharged. On learning the end of his betrothed he, too, poisoned himself. The magistrate had sentenced him at the instigation of the girl's mother, who wished to break off the match.

### IN THE SECOND DEGREE.

HONESDALE, Penn., December 22.—The seat of Wayne county, near this city, has been agitated for the past week over the trial of Benjamin K. Bortree, of Ledgedale, for the murder of his brother-in-law, Henry W. Shouse, of Easton. The deed was the result of a family quarrel over the division of a large piece of property, Bortree claiming that the Shouses, especially his victim, were endeavoring to swindle him. The matter pressed upon his mind and he went to Honesdale and purchased a revolver. There he met Shouse in the office of a lawyer, and without saying a word shot him. Shouse died in a few minutes. On the trial it was tried to show that Bortree was insane, and prominent medical men from New York attended the trial to give their impression as to the condition of his mind. Able lawyers were employed, and the trial attracted thousands of people from adjoining counties. Opinions varied as to the result, the greater portion of the attendants expecting a verdict of murder in the first degree. The jury came into the court room, after long deliberation and reported that they found Bortree guilty of murder in the second degree. Motion for a new trial was made.

### THE STORY OF A SKELETON.

DUTLER, Pa., Dec. 21.—A mystery which has per-

plexed the authorities of this place for a long time has just been cleared up. Some months ago a human skull was found in a swamp near Petrolia. It was thought that the skeleton was that of a Jew peddler, but an investigation failed to throw any light on the matter, and the affair was forgotten. At the present term of court here James Lewis and Nat Vaughan were arraigned on a number of charges of larceny and also with keeping a bagnio. Among the inmates of the house were two soiled doves named Nellie and Mollie Deeley. Last week they divulged what they knew of the peddler's disappearance. They say that Vaughan and Lewis conceived the idea of robbing the peddler, and followed him to the swamp, where a terrible struggle took place between Lewis and the peddler, which ended in the latter having his brains knocked out. Lewis is the grandson of the noted highwayman Jim Lewis, who died many years ago in the Belfont jail. His father was admitted to the Crawford County Bar, and for some cause was sentenced to the penitentiary. Lewis at the same time was sentenced for forgery to the work-house. He was pardoned out, and then got a woman out by a forged writ of habeas corpus, and was sent up for that. He has been before the courts for various offenses. Another investigation will take place as to how the unfortunate peddler came to his death by the wayside.

### LYNCHERS AT BAY.

A most determined but unsuccessful attempt was made on the night of the 18th inst., in Covington, Ky., to lynch the negro Hycker, who is in jail charged with killing Williams recently in Ludlow. The officers, warned of the attempted lynching, had organized a strong-armed force to protect the prisoner. About midnight the mob, several hundred strong, approached. They were a determined, savage set of men, and marched straight for the jail doors. The guards stepped out, and leveling their pieces, called a halt with the mob not twenty paces away. The scene was a tragic one. Twenty men or more with set features, their eyes running along the bright barrels of their guns, holding at bay a howling and cursing mob attempting the life of a man charged with a horrible crime. The officers stood their ground, and as one or another of the leaders rushed up, each was arrested, till ten or twelve of the most daring were in the hands of the officers. The guards reasoned with the mob and they told them that they were bound to protect the negro until it was seen whether or not he was guilty. They appealed to the mob as citizens not to outrage the law, and at the same time assured them that they would be met with bullets if they made any attempt to pass the guard. The hostile parties stood face to face for an hour, but the determination of the officers won, and finally a proposition was made that if the men taken in were released, the mob would disperse. This was acceded to and the mob dispersed. It was a narrow escape from a bloody scene.

### AN OUTRAGEOUS ABDUCTION.

WEBSTER, Pa., December 20.—A strange case of abduction is startling Webster people just now. During the latter part of August last a daughter of Thomas Overant, of Webster, suddenly disappeared at night. Two days after she was missed word was telegraphed her parents from Elizabeth, Pa., that the girl was there. Then she was returned home. She stated that on the night of her disappearance she was standing near the gate of the house where she was living, when she was taken prisoner by two men, who placed her in a wagon and drove toward Elizabeth. When near the latter place she managed to escape and took to the woods, where she was discovered the next day. About three weeks ago the girl, who is about fifteen years of age, again disappeared from her home. Search was made every place for her by anxious friends and neighbors, but no clew to her whereabouts could be ascertained. At that time it was very cold, the thermometer standing at zero. On the 17th inst., a smaller sister, while in the stable, heard moans proceeding from the hay-mow. An investigation was made and the missing girl was found. When discovered she was unconscious and nearly frozen to death, being almost stiff; she was carried home and given prompt medical aid; her feet were both frozen, and a strong effort was made to save them, but inflammation set in and one foot was amputated below the ankle, and it is expected the other will have to come off, and probably the leg above the knee. The girl is bright-appearing and rather good looking. She has not recovered sufficiently to give an explanation of her second disappearance, but from incoherent sentences there is every reason to believe that she was again abducted, and outraged, and then carried to the stable, where she was left by her ravishers.

### The Old Man's Trick.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A heartless man out on West Hill, Mass., the father of a family, a tax-payer and a member of the church, who ought to know better, did a mean thing last Sunday night. His daughter and the particular young man came home from church, and of course "he" just dropped in for one moment, and when the young people entered the parlor the gas was all turned up, and there, on the big rocking-chair, they read a staring placard, "Room for one only." The young man took the hint.

### A Coffin for a Drink.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sailor was arrested on Chatham street one night in this past week with a coffin in his arms. He had stolen that wooden ulster from an undertaker, and was trying to rid himself of it for the price of a drink of whisky. Speculators were not plenty. A blue-coated myrmidon of the law came along and cut his career as a coffin peddler short. The good ship which enjoyed his services will do without them for six months. He has gone into port. Blackwell's Island is the address.

### A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

Why She Wanted to Get Rid of Her Reverend Husband—What Came of a Wedding Originating in a Matrimonial Bucket-Shop.

A remarkable case has been before the London Divorce Court, the defendant being a clergyman of the Established Church. The matter came up in the shape of a petition by Mrs. Henrietta Diana Ambrose for a decree of judicial separation, on the ground of her husband's cruelty. The respondent, the Rev. John Ambrose, a clerk in holy orders, denied the charge, and also pleaded provocation and violence on the part of the petitioner. It appeared from the evidence of Mrs. Ambrose that she and Mr. Ambrose became acquainted through the medium of advertisements in the *Matrimonial News*. On their subsequent interviews he represented himself as a widower without incumbrance, which was the fact; she, as a widow (which was not a fact), with two children. They were married at Marylebone in February, 1877, and they spent their honeymoon at Paris.

While at Paris the respondent displayed the violent temper of which he was possessed. They entered a church to witness the service, but they had scarcely done so when the respondent called out to the officiating priest, "Humbly, hypocrite." She endeavored to induce him to leave the church, but in vain, and a crowd collecting, she left him, and fled to their hotel the Louvre. He followed her, and threatened her with violence when they got to their home.

On cross examination Mrs. Ambrose admitted that before their marriage she had been guilty of grave misrepresentation as to her parentage, position and means to her husband. She had told him that she was the daughter of William Everett Ware, solicitor, of Brighton. That was not a fact. She had told him that she was the widow of a Mr. Henry George Ware, and that she had had two children by him. That was not a fact. But she had lived with Mr. Ware, and he was the father of her younger child. She refused to disclose the name of the father of her last child. She also made false representations as to her means; but she did not tell her husband that she had eloped, when very young, with a gentleman from a school at Brighton, nor show him the window through which she had escaped. She had eloped from a school at Holloway. She was twenty-seven years of age, and her husband was forty years her senior.

The case for the petitioner having closed, Mr. Middleton called the Rev. John Ambrose, the respondent, who said that he was a clergyman of the Church of England. He lived at Copford Lodge, near Colchester. He had been married before. Some time in 1876 he went to a matrimonial office "out of curiosity," and accidentally met the petitioner. She spoke to him on the stairs, and told him that she was a widow with two children. He had some conversation with her, and was afterward introduced to her relatives. Subsequently he married her. She told him that her husband died abroad. He thought that she was respectable, and that the children were legitimate.

"How did you get on in Paris?"

"Bad enough."

"How was that?"

"I found I had got into a mess, for she flirted with men. She was the topic of conversation throughout the hotel."

When they returned home she was in no way confined to the house. He heard from his niece that she had run away from a school at Brighton, and afterward lived with a man. When they went to Brighton the respondent pointed out the school from which she had run away. It was not true that he had treated her with cruelty. She had beaten him. She was always bullying and fighting him, and used to say: "You dare not hit me, for the public are against striking a woman." [Laughter.] On one occasion she threw some hot tea over him, scratching his face and pulling his whiskers. He was sure he never struck her, because she wanted him to do so to establish the charge of cruelty. She used to throw his papers all over the room after he had carefully arranged them. He was often locked in the room a prisoner, as she was stronger than he was. One of his fingers was permanently injured through her violence. She smashed a quantity of his china, and used to abuse him "most gloriously." [Laughter.] He had been obliged to leave his house owing to her conduct. He was afraid of her violence, and for three years his life had been a perfect misery to him. He was dreadfully afraid of her. She took the sheets away from him on one occasion. He had called her "a liar," but her language to him was beyond description. She swore and used "Billingsgate language." [Laughter.]

Cross-examination continued: He had written to her, "Yours forever, Amen," but did not know why. He was always willing to let the petitioner have the control of the house. A person at the matrimonial office claimed a commission in respect to the fortune the lady was said to be possessed of. She stated that she had £3,500, but he had never seen a farthing of it. [Laughter.] He had to pay £150 as a commission.

Captain Ambrose, nephew of the respondent, said that in the latter part of 1878 he was on a visit to his uncle. The petitioner gave the respondent a violent blow on the chest. He appeared to be very frightened of her.

Helen Simpson, the respondent's housekeeper, stated that she had been about thirty years in his service. Witness was usually called "Sarah." After the petitioner came to the house she had the entire management of it. She ordered provisions and superintended the house in every other respect. She, on one occasion, heard a row between her master and mistress about a lamp. She looked into the room and saw her master pushed down. She had seen his face scratched.

On the conclusion of the whole of the evidence, Sir James Hannen gave his decision. In doing so, he

stated that he was of opinion that the charge of cruelty alleged by the wife against her husband had not been proved. His course would, therefore, be to at once dismiss the petition, but he would not do that now in order still to give the parties an opportunity of coming to some arrangement with or without his assistance.

### HOW HE LOVED HER.

The Story of a Man's Strange Infatuation.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 21.—A story stranger than fiction has just come to light in this city. Several months ago a young man moving in the best society of Portland, Oregon, fell in love with a woman of the town, living in a disreputable house. He was handsome, popular, and held a good position in a business house. He lost his place and lost caste. He continued to live with his partner until his cash was gone. Then she, taking in the hopelessness of the situation, one day said:

"I'll go away; I've done you harm enough, John; you've lost your situation, and your friends are down on you." She started for San Francisco, with the intention of going to work as a servant girl. After her departure the young man was received back into his old business, as he was skillful and his employers believed he had reformed. He heard frequently from the girl. At last, about three weeks ago, came a dispatch saying she was dangerously ill with small-pox. He who had lost so much by love for her did not hesitate a moment, but came on to this city, and found that the house where the woman had been taken sick was a notorious fashionable brothel. Nothing daunted by this he made his way to the pest house. There he found her loathsome to the sight and rearing delirium. She recognized him, and stretched out her arms without a thought of the consequences. He took her in his arms and kissed her. She seemed then to realize now selfish her act had been in exposing him to the disease, and tears streamed down her disfigured cheeks. Two days after she died, watched over by her lover, who was the sole mourner at the grave. Singularly enough, he escaped the infection, and yesterday started for New Mexico. He said to a friend before leaving: "I've been a fool, but I loved her. I shall begin life again in a new place."

### Lights and Shadows of An Actress' Life.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The illusions which surround theatrical people while on the stage often influence the ideas of audiences regarding their domestic life. An elegant boudoir, a charming fairy scene creates an illusion in the mind which extends to the private life of an actor or actress. And he or she is treated proportionately to the impression conveyed. The "players" are not influenced by their surroundings. Life to them is as practical and prosaic as to any who witness their performances. There are exceptions, however. A young actress comes before the public, and from the first finds favor. Applause awaits her at every appearance, and she imagines that she is a goddess of good fortune, whom no ill luck can touch. She has plenty of friends while in success who fawn upon and flatter her. She listens, and believes that all is genuine. Experience, bitter and hard, tells how she has erred. Mistortunes come and she is left alone. All the poetry and romance of her life is turned to prose.

Draw your moral.

### AN ACTRESS' DRESS.

How That Necessary Garment Can Be "Warmed Over," as Occasion Demands.

Maud Granger, the actress, has given a stage secret to a St. Louis reporter. "Although dressing for the society drama is expensive," she said, "the cost has been greatly exaggerated. If an actress has good taste she can, by making new combinations of colors and styles, make a good dress go a long way. Last season I wore in 'The Galley Slave' a dress much admired, which was mainly composed of a garment which I wore in a long forgotten play written by Mrs. Sheridan Shook for my debut in New York some years ago. No one would imagine the vamping and revamping on that dress. It might tell an interesting story of ups and downs in the theatrical world."

### SLANG MADE EASY.

An Opinion on a Valuable Work which Shows a Level-Headed Editor.

A carefully compiled and valuable work is the "Slang Dictionary," published by R. K. Fox, 183 William street, and comprising a full collection and explanation of the slang terms in general use, together with the mysterious tongue spoken among the thieves of the world. It is an interesting little volume, handsomely gotten up and excellently illustrated. As a mine of knowledge on a very curious topic it is unique. The explanation of the thieves' cant is especially thorough and complete.—*New York Truth*.

### Raffling For Turkeys.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The custom of raffling for turkeys on Christmas eve is as old as the Plymouth Rock. According to ancient chroniclers the practice was as prolific of swelled heads as it is at present. The descendants of the puritanical turkey rafflers seem to have inherited their ancestors' faults. All over the country such scenes as our artist has sketched are numerous on Christmas eve. There may be some readers of the POLICE GAZETTE who have "been there themselves." If so, they have our sympathy. "Nuff said."



## AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters Between Pugilists of the Past and Present.

An Opponent Whom Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan Could Not Beat.

### THE CHAMPION'S LAST FIGHT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK  
By WM. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

Sayers was first afflicted with disease of the liver, and other troubles followed; the direct cause of his death, which took place Nov. 8, 1865, at 6 P. M., at Mr. Mensley's, High street, Camden town, being congestion of the lungs. The funeral occurred Nov. 15, from 257 High street, London, Eng., the house where the champion died.

The procession was preceded by a body of policemen, who cleared the way; then came a band of music, composed of professionals who had volunteered their services, and performed "The Dead March in Saul" and other appropriate pieces, as the imposing cortege wended its way slowly and solemnly towards the city of the dead, Highgate Cemetery.

Following the hearse came Sayers' well-known phaeton, in which he was so often observed driving through the streets of the English metropolis. It was covered with black velvet, and its sole occupant was the favorite mastiff which always accompanied Sayers in his drives and walks, and which, to judge from his sad and mournful appearance, as he lay with his head between his huge paws, was as fully aware of the painful errand upon which he was bent as any of the human beings present. The first coach contained Sayers' father, his eldest brother, Charles, and his two children, Thomas and Sarah. In the other coaches, of which there were five, were Tom's brother, Richard; his brother-in-law, R. King; H. Bennett, William Mensley, Mr. Warner, Nat Langham, Harry Brunton, Jimmy Welsh, and other friends and admirers. Among the pugilists who followed the champion's remains were Jim Ward, Tom King, Jack Grant, George Lees, Billy Duncan, Dan Collins, Bob Travers, Jimmy Shaw, Bos Tyler, Billy Shaw, and many others of lesser note.

Sayers' career was as follows:—Beat Abby Crouch, £10, 6 rounds, 12m. 28s., Greenhithe, March 19, 1849; fought Dan Collins, £50, 9 rounds, 27m., Edenbridge, October 22, 1850; police interfered; met again at Red Hill, same day, 39 rounds, 1h. 52s., darkness came on; beat Dan Collins, £50, 44 rounds, 84m., Long Reach, April 29, 1851; beat Jack Grant, £200, 64 rounds, 2h. 50m., Mildenhall, June 29, 1852; beat Jack Martin, £100, 23 rounds, 55m., Long Reach, January 27, 1853; beaten by Nat Langham, £200, 61 rounds, 2h. 2m., near Lakenheath, October 18, 1853; beat George Sims, £50 to £25, 4 rounds, 5m., Long Reach, February 28, 1854; beat Harry Poulson, £100, 109 rounds, 3h. 8m., Apple-dore, January 20, 1856; fought Aaron Jones, £200, 62 rounds, 3h., banks of Medway, darkness, January 6, 1855; beat Aaron Jones, £400, 85 rounds, 2h., banks of Medway, February 19, 1857; beat Bill Perry, £400, 10 rounds, 1h. 42m., Isle of Grain, June 16, 1857; beat Bill Benjamin, £400, 3 rounds, 6½m., Isle of Grain, January 5, 1858; beat Tom Paddock, £300, 21 rounds, 1h. 2m., Canary Island, June 16, 1858; beat Bill Benjamin, £400, 11 rounds, 22m., near Ashford, April 5, 1859; beat Bob Brettell, £400 to £200, 7 rounds, 15m., Etchingham, September 20, 1859; fought John C. Heenan, £400, 37 rounds, 2h. 6m.; ring broken in and the referee left the ground, 7 more rounds being fought without a referee, lasting 14 minutes more; Sayers was helped outside the ring and left it first, while Heenan jumped over the ropes.

John C. Heenan of Troy, N. Y., the "Benecia Boy," was born at West Troy, N. Y., on May 2, 1835. He stood 5 feet 2 inches in height, and weighed 190 pounds. His father, Timothy Heenan, acting chief among the workmen in the ordinance department at Watervliet Arsenal, and who held his position for nearly twenty-five years, respected by all who knew him.

About the spring of 1852, John C., being seventeen, took himself and the trade of machinist (which he had learned under his father's instructions) off to California. He readily found employment in the workshops at Benecia belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and he stayed there two years.

His rapidly developing muscles and his readiness to act as "champion" for the weak or oppressed, won him his title of "Benecia Boy." He then put in for a miner's life, and "tried it on" for three years. On returning to San Francisco, a match had been made for him to fight Yankee Sullivan.

But Sullivan refused to fight. Heenan came to New York in 1857, and was matched to fight John Morrissey, the conqueror of Yankee Sullivan. The match was made for \$5,000, and the pugilists met in the ring at Long Point, Canada, on October 20, 1858.

Morrissey was seconded by William Hastings and Jim (Australian) Kelly, with William Mulligan for umpire.

Heenan was seconded by Aaron Jones and Johnny Mackey, with Francis McCabe for umpire. Much time was cut to waste in selecting a referee.

Finally, two referees, to act conjointly, gave satisfaction; they were Mr. Louis Beiral and a New York gentleman of the true-blue order, both entitled to perfect confidence. Mr. J. Briggs, another New Yorker, was appointed time-keeper.

Morrissey's height was 5 feet 11¾ inches, and his weight about 173 pounds.

Heenan was over-weighted, having trained "off," owing to being bothered and harassed by the authorities. Morrissey's colors were blue with white bird's-eye spots; Heenan's were a long scarf, with the American ensign one-half the length, and made of silk; Morrissey's were made of cotton.

Morrissey was all that could be desired for a first-class fighting man. He loudly offered \$1,000 to \$600 on his own head. Heenan mildly replied that he had no funds to bet with.

The fight was a stubbornly contested one, full report of which appeared in No. 161 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Eleven rounds were fought when Heenan reeled and staggered, as both were led to the scratch. All that Morrissey need do was to lead off and hit him, without danger of a rejoinder.

Heenan endeavored to counter, but he struck wildly in the air, and over-reaching himself in this way, in endeavoring to return a sharp blow, which Morrissey had delivered on the neck, he fell from exhaustion, and was carried insensible to his corner, beaten and terribly battered.

The fight lasted twenty-one minutes, when Morrissey was hailed champion of America.

If Heenan had not injured his hand in the first round he would probably have won the fight.

He challenged Morrissey to fight again, but the latter declined and Heenan was proclaimed champion of America by Morrissey forfeiting the title.

Heenan had been untried in the arena, and at that time had to work out his battle in the ring. Heenan was known to be a terrific hitter, possessed great strength, and he was the tallest and heaviest American pugilist ever seen except Freeman, the American giant, who stood 6 feet 10½ inches in height, and weighed 260 pounds.

Heenan's next battle was the contest with Tom Sayers, just published in our "History of the American Prize Ring."

Heenan returned to America after his battle with Sayers and was lionized by nearly all sporting men who allowed that he had won the battle with Sayers. He afterwards returned to England and fought Tom King, which we shall duly chronicle in the POLICE GAZETTE, next week, when our History of the "American Prize Ring"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Back numbers of the "History of the American Prize Ring" can be obtained from the Publisher on receipt of price.

### NEW YORK SOCIETY.

Some of its Idiosyncrasies and Queer Notions of Life Described—Loose Ideas in Domestic Matters Begotten by False Training.

The literary personage most needed in this town is a New York Zola. We want some one who is not afraid to speak of things as they are, and to use in his description of metropolitan life such language as will touch the spot. Like a skillful surgeon he must cut beyond the wound to make the cure complete. Social exclusiveness here sprays itself with rosewater, barricades itself with lavender in satin sacks, licks you a good-day with difficulty, has no emotions, no passions, no energy, no visible thought. It only obliges a low class by existing, and allowing itself to be looked at and envied, *voilà tout!* at the opera, at the park, at picture galleries, and occasionally at a costly shop. Yet underneath this so-seemingly coldness the wildest profligacy reveals. Monsieur has his *chères amies*; madam retaliates in kind; girls of fourteen keep up love correspondence with boys; men of seventy think not of their latter end, but of their present-day one, some thrilling escapade with a light *co' love*. A woman whom you like confides to you with tears in her eyes the story of how it happened. Thinking her the victim of a grand passion, a devouring idolatry for one certain person which will endure forever, and which is as irresistible as death itself, you yield her your sympathy, and hey presto! The next time you meet her and ask her how her *bon ami* is, she shrugs her shoulders, rolls up her eyes, and says: "Pooh! that's all over—he was n. g. But come to my house to 5 o'clock tea, to-day. I want to introduce you to Mr. Newman." As the Duke warbles in "Rigoletto," "La donna mobile." So is the don. A man of the world of high standing said to me the other day:

"What is the first essential of life?" I promptly answered that I had found it to be bread and butter.

"Nothing of the sort," he replied. "Tanner existed forty days without food. Such fasts may be prolonged indefinitely. But one cannot live without love. The first necessity of life is love. The next is love. And yet again love. And after that, love, out of all whooping."

"And you presume to speak of such things!" I ejaculated.

"I do," he replied coolly, "because you are a woman of sense; a woman of our set. Were you one not admitted to the sacred arcana of the social 'ours' I should hide these feelings. But pah! I would not pay you so poor a compliment as to infer you to be permeated with the puritanic spirit of provincial prudery, and to suppose that you would sit in grocery-store judgment on the manners and customs of the higher classes."

"Wretch!" I cried. "You are a profligate worthy the time of Charles II. I shall put you in a novel one of these days, you'll see."

"Do, do!" he cried, waving his fingers at me in token of farewell; "but mind you, put me in company with a lovely heroine."—*Oliver Logan's Chicago Times' Correspondence.*

### A PARISIAN INCIDENT.

The Poor Artist and His Crafty Creditors—How a Lady and Her Husband Went to Collect a Bill, and Failed in Their Mission.

A singular case is now before the Paris courts, the nature of which can be best judged from the following story: Monsieur S. is a young painter of great talent. It is only within a few years that S. has won for himself a reputation, and, consequently, found buyers for his pictures. Previously, his existence had been somewhat Bohemian, and there remained a long score of debts which he has not yet been able to pay to liquidate. To use his own words, "My creditors follow my trail like wild Indians, and I am blockaded in my study, for hours at a time, to escape the importunity of half a dozen Shylocks who stand in waiting on the sidewalk."

Among the fiercest of his persecutors were M. and Mme. M., who keep a restaurant at Nogent-sur-Marne, where, in the old Bohemian days, S. was wont to pass many a joyful hour—on credit. Boniface and his spouse were patient and long suffering, but at last they wearied of the delay, and since they learned that money was flowing into their once impecunious customer's pockets, have never let a week pass without a journey to Paris and an excursion to the Rue de Labryere, but the door was never opened to them, rang they ever so loudly.

A fortnight ago, however, they determined upon a plan of action which would be so decisive that a settlement must become unavoidable. At 5 A. M. Mme. M. arrived at the atelier and pulled the bell; her husband was to follow in half an hour, and as she would be inside, and could aid his ingress, a solution was certain. M. S., suspecting nothing, turned the key, and before he was able to defend his position his creditress bounced into the room like a fury. What was said or done no one but M. S. and Mme. M., who is remarkably pretty, alone can tell, but when M. M. appeared on the scene there was, within and without, the silence of the tomb. "What can have happened?" he asked himself, after vainly pulling at the bell-rope.

Then he rang again, and then, remaining still without response, concluded that she had not got there yet, and that he would sit down on the stairs and wait. He was uxorious and melancholy, yet not suspicious, and, as time passed on and his ideas became confused, he finally went to sleep and began to snore. This, it seems, is his habit, and in this case acted as a warning, for when the nasal music was in full blast, the door above was cautiously opened, a pretty face peeped out, and Mme. M., who evidently had made peace with her debtor, was heard to say—I have the details from another artist who lives on the same floor—"The pig has gone to sleep; we can go." Now, it is very naughty to call one's husband a pig, and naughtier still to desert his cause and go over to the enemy; but the extreme of naughtiness, not to say depravity, was Mrs. Boniface's connivance in the insult which S. added to injury, as, before leaving the landing-place, he pinned upon the breast of the lumbering elector of Nogent-sur-Marne a placard on which were traced in huge letters—I give the translation:

"I came here to steal.  
I feel that remorse will put me to sleep.  
Go and fetch the police.  
M. Restaurateur at Nogent."

Where the couple went after their exodus we do not know, but when the *concierge* came to sweep the stairs he was so astounded by this singular bit of writing that he did bring the police, who carried the unfortunate one to the station house, where he was kept in duress vile until about noon, when he succeeded in establishing his identity. Then began the era of explanations. Had any young woman visited the artist's apartment that morning, he asked of Cerberus. This Cerberus could not affirm, but he could vouch for one fact: A young woman, whose appearance corresponded precisely with that of Mme. M., had passed his lodge and gone up stairs about 5 o'clock. Doubt was no longer possible; it was she; and his lawyer, who was immediately consulted, has promised that he shall obtain, not only the integral payment of his bill, but also very substantial damages.

### DEPTH OF DEPRAVITY.

A Father Sells His Daughter's Body for Rum—The Circumstances of a Deed Seldom Paralleled in Forgetfulness of the Holy Ties and Baseness.

A highly respectable physician is authority for the following story of almost unbelievable depravity. An old man, in Cleveland, O., depends for support upon the work of his daughter—his only child. He was not worthy of that support, for he was a slave to that most hideous of masters—the whisky bottle. He made no efforts to earn an honest living for himself, although able of limb and sound of mind, but was an almost constant dweller at whisky shops and loafing corners. His daughter went out to sew, and her father compelled her, every day, to give him a quarter to buy liquor. With that money he always went out evenings to blow his coin, his health and his brains into the whisky jugs, leaving his child, tired and tearful in a frequently cold and dark house. By her toil she secured a sewing machine and did her sewing at home. She did everything in her power to draw her father out from the folds of the monster, that with a thousand arms was dragging him down. The neighbors reasoned with him and scolded him, but to no avail. He regularly slept in a gutter or crawled home from some saloon in the morning, to bear to his poor girl the sight of "the old man drunk again."

One day when all the streets of Cleveland were covered with ice, the daughter slipped and fell near the

Public Square. She was picked up badly injured and carried to one of the hospitals. Her fall was too much for her frail system, weakened and run down by unceasing toil, poor food, cheerless days and nights of sorrow. For several days she tossed in fever, and, although kindly cared for, she finally died. The father missed her daily pittance for his rum, and pawned the sewing machine to buy more liquor. The poor dead girl was buried quietly, no one going to the paupers' graveyard except the undertakers and the father. Some ladies, who were neighbors to the girl, made a beautiful wreath to be put upon the coffin, and gave it to the father to place it there. That wreath he sold for liquor.

At night, when the rum cravings came on the strongest, the old man secured a horse and wagon, drove to the grave where his dead daughter was buried, dug up the earth, tore the emaciated body from its resting place, and conveyed it away to the storeroom of a medical college. He sold it there for a miserable pittance—a few dollars—with which again he went to kneel down before the frightful idol to whom he had offered up health, happiness, home, his only child and his own soul.

With the price of his faithful daughter's body that man, the physician says, is even now debauching himself.

### A CURIOUS FIGHT.

An Engagement Involving an Eagle, a Dog, and a Flock of Geese.

For an island twelve miles long and two wide, and inhabited by some seven hundred people, Roanoke Island, N. C., has been as loud a spot as any of the same number of square inches on the globe. It has been full of sensation from the jump; and from the birthday of Virginia Dare, in 1585 to the bully fight recently, in which birds, beasts, and women bore a hand, a period nigh unto three hundred years, it has seldom been without an eye opener in the shape of a sensation. It has been the scenes of bloody fights between hostile Indian tribes, and between civilized armies in hostile array. Savage and civilized relics of remote ages and modern convulsions are hidden beneath or wave-washed upon the surface of its golden sands. Indian forts and cairns and tumuli attest its hoary history. Abel's pet dog that sings in church meetings and the canary that praises itself in parrot English attest the attainments of its beasts and birds in polite accomplishments. Lewis Mann's sixty alligators, hatched and reared in a potato-house, attest the fecundity of its soil—or the fecundity of Lewis' imagination. Two miles from the shore, at the point at the gateway to Oregon, lie luscious bivalves. Wild fowl of every name feed upon its grasses. Its men are the best specimens of manhood; its women of female loveliness.

But to our tale. Recently, at Roanoke Island, a soaring eagle, towering in his pride of might, turned his proud eyes from gazing at the sun upon the quiet yard of Walter Dough. A flock of fat geese invited his eye and tempted his taste. The glance was father to the thought, and down he pounced. The feathers flew, the geese squawed, and there was a sensation in the farm yard, and there was a dog there, too. A goose is put down as a fool, but it is a vulgar error. A goose is a particularly smart fellow. And so was the one the eagle struck in Walter Dough's yard. As soon as struck, the goose ran under the house, which was some feet above the ground, with the eagle fastened to her back, and the rest of the flock in hot pursuit. And there the fight grew fast and furious. Forty biting and flopping geese on one side, and the king of birds on the other. Although outnumbered, the eagle maintained the fight, and clung to his victim.

But soon another enemy presented himself—an enemy more terrible than an army of geese—a bull terrier dog—little, but full of fight. It wasn't fair, and the dog had no natural belligerent rights in a combat between birds, but he came with a bound, and the eagle had no time to settle questions of military ethics; so he threw himself on his back, (eagle fashion) to do his best in this hard fight between tooth and toe-nail. The dog made a lunge at the eagle's breast, and the eagle stuck his claw deep into the dog's fore-shoulder.

The blow was simultaneous on either side. Both blows told. But a terrier never, and an eagle hardly ever, says die. The only witnesses of the deadly combat were the geese, who now stood off and looked on, and Miss Martha Brothers, who was singing to her spinning jenny in the house alone when the fight began and who in the end was to be the conquering hero, crowned with the laurels of victory. The battle raged, teeth gnashed, claws staved, eyes flashed. But eagles, like men, contend against odds when fighting against fate, and so this eagle's great heart sank within him, and, turning tail upon his foe, he sought safety in flight. But his retreat was slow and full of difficulty, for he had fifteen pounds of bull terrier swinging behind him. He reached the yard fence. With one desperate effort he sought to scale it. He reached its topmost round. He bore a weight he could not further carry. There they stood, victor and vanquished. Then it was that Miss Martha Brothers, the true hero of the fight, came to the front and won the palm of victory. Seizing a rail, with one fell swoop she came down with a crash upon the eagle's head, and left him prostrate, struggling in the agonies of death, the victim of a combination too powerful to be resisted. Alas! poor eagle! He measured nine feet between the tips of his outstretched wings.

### A Square Meal.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A one year old baby was taken from its cradle by a wolf, during the absence from the house of its parents, who reside on the mountain near Clintonville, Cambria county, Penn., and no traces of the body or any portion of it have ever been found.



### "PLAYED 'EM HIGH."

**How a Certain "Banker" Was Egregiously Imposed Upon—A Well-Worked Scheme.**

The Chicago Times thus narrates how the faro bankers of that city were played for flats by a stranger whom they considered a "regular guy":

There are in this city a number of citizens who are described by the sports as men who "play 'em high." That is they "play 'em high" when they have money, which depends on their luck. When these eminent and useful citizens are in funds, nothing is too good for them, and it is their delight to "pull the tail out of a faro bank," a phrase that has been coined, descriptive of that rare circumstance sometimes defined as "beating the bank."

When a fellow who "plays 'em high" encounters a faro bank he goes the outside limit, and if he wins he carries off a whole bundle, or if he loses he leaves a whole bundle. He usually loses, because his capital is less than that of the bank, but during these intervals of temporary success he revels in abundance, "takes in the levee" nightly, and bathes in wine, an ablution in which his friends are asked to participate, but when the reverse comes he becomes a tough citizen and preys on the community.

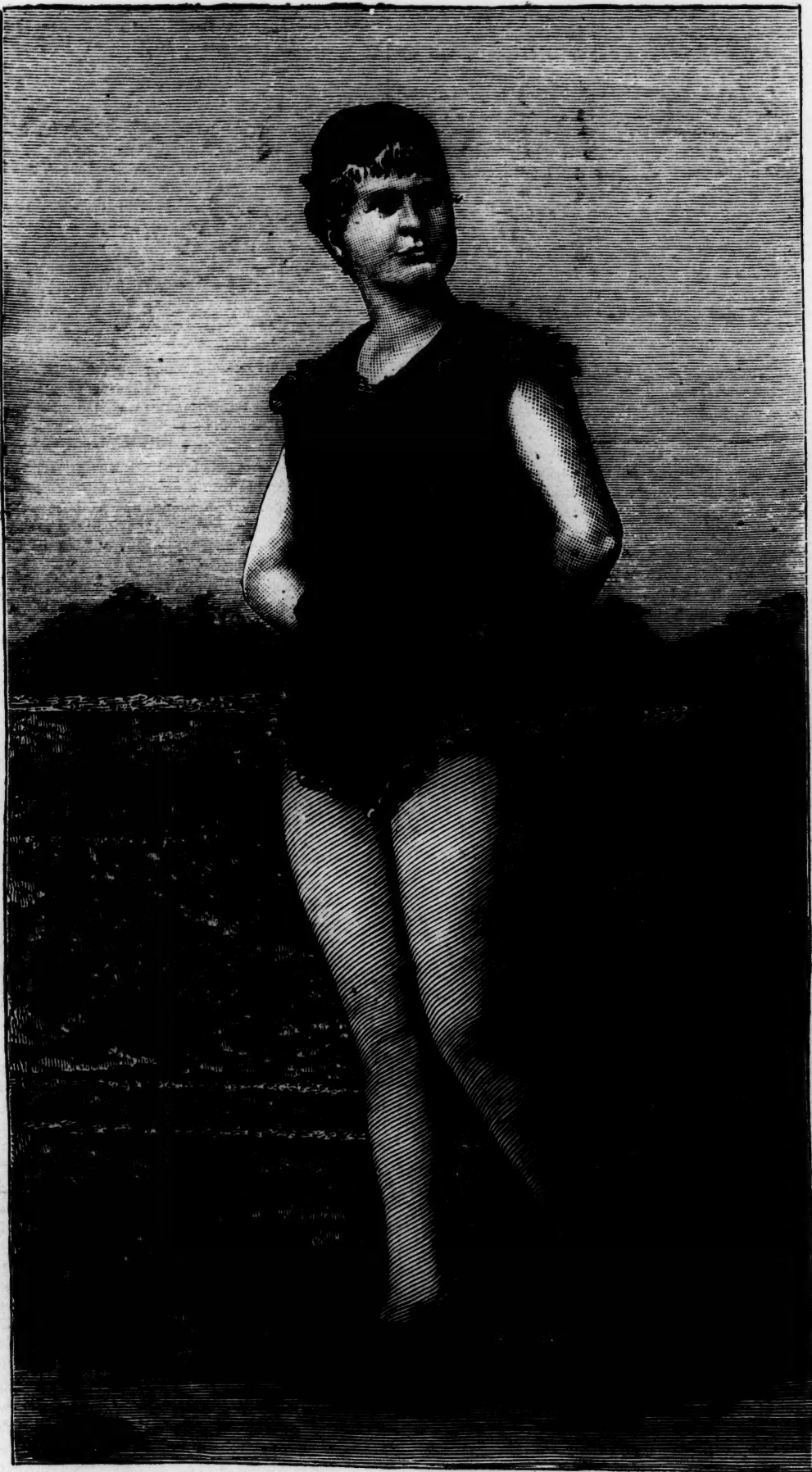
Several months ago one of the men who "play 'em high" got broke, and went to New York to try and build up his shattered fortunes. Three or four weeks ago he came to Chicago with an undeniable air of prosperity about him. Simultaneously with his arrival, three or four of the "boss gamblers" received letters from a mutual friend in New York, advising them of the fact that the "man who plays 'em high" had struck it rich in stocks, and had cleared \$20,000, which he carried with him in the form of certified checks on a New York bank.

A hint to the wise was sufficient, and the capitalist found himself overwhelmed by friends before he was here an hour. It was nip and tuck between the disinterested gamblers who could get him first, but finally the representative of a Randolph street establishment, where the limit is seldom pressed below \$400 on a card, if the player has money, took a commanding lead in the good graces of the distinguished gentleman.

The Randolph street artist in ivory is by common consent accorded high rank in the profession, and is esteemed uncommonly "fly." Well, the "fly" man, who will be named Smith for convenience, got his friend well on the hooks. He treated him with lavish hospitality, and dined and wined him regardless of expense. As the saying is, "Everything went." As might be imagined, Mr. Smith lost no opportunity of lauding his own particular game, dwelling with especialunction on the fact that a man would never be restricted in his betting when he took a notion to fight the tiger.

The capitalist was slow to come to the point, and it was not until Smith had squandered several hundred dollars on him that he showed a disposition to speculate upon the exact location of certain cards previous to their extraction from the "deal box." When he did come to the scratch, it was with genuine spirit. He cashed in a \$2,000 certified check, taking a part in money and the remainder in chips. He played with great abandon, but, to the surprise and disgust of the bankers, displayed remarkable judgment in the manipulation of "coppers." He won his check out, paid \$800 to a man at his elbow whom he suddenly remembered having owed that amount, and quit the game winner.

For two or three days he played regularly, winning and losing alternately, but in the course of time the bankers got the \$2,000 check. The next day when they went to deposit it a real bank, the cashier inspected it dubiously, and remarked that he knew of no bank of the name that was printed on the check. Telegraphic inquiry developed the fact that there was



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.  
MAGGIE CLINE, BURLESQUE ARTISTE AND PHENOMENAL CONTRALTO SINGER.

no such bank, and when a demand for the cash was made on the man who had given the check they were politely but firmly told to "go to — and get it."

The enterprising Randolph street institution finds itself short about \$1,500 in actual cash, with a worthless check for \$2,000 besides. The worst feature of the business in their eyes, however, is the fact that the story has leaked out, and the members of that philosophical fraternity called sports are having great fun over it. They had rather have lost twice the sum in the legitimate course of trade, but to have a sucker play such a heathen game grovels them beyond measure.

### NEGROES AT AUCTION.

**Sale to the Highest Bidder of Three Vagrant Blacks—The Trio Knocked Down for Four Dollars.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

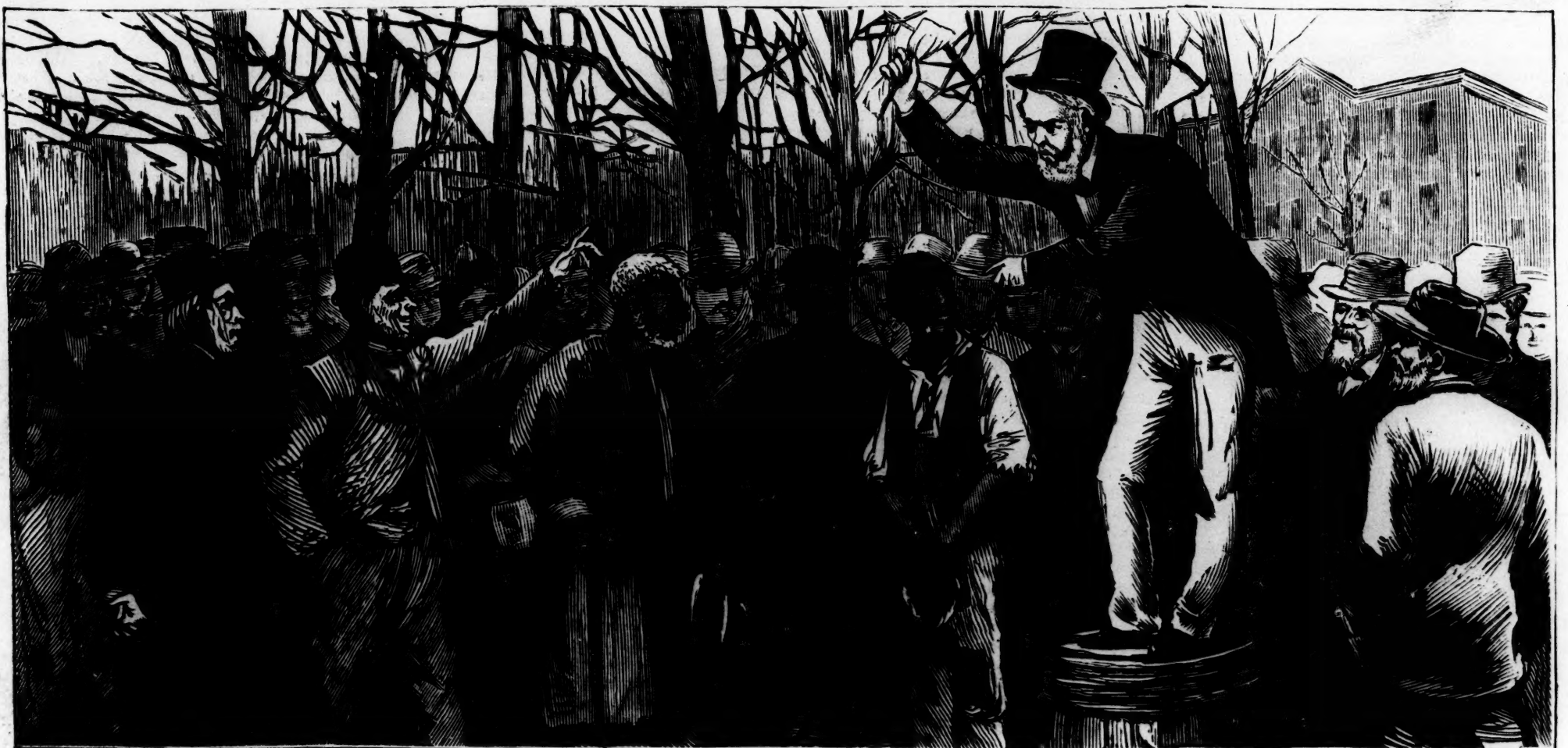
A scene not uncommon in ante-bellum days, though rarely witnessed since the war, was enacted at Liberty, in Bedford county, Va., last week. The sale of three negro men took place. The darkies were put up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder. The cry of the auctioneer in appealing for bids was a familiar one in every southern community in days gone by, and was a strong reminder to the spectators who witnessed the strange sights of those times. The darkies who formed such a conspicuous part of this scene were three men, one a well-developed, strong-limbed black, fully able to perform any manual labor; another a ginger-bread, gray-haired old fellow, who, while not in his prime, was still able, by a little effort, to earn his own bread. The third was a man somewhat past middle age and feeble. The trio had been on the county for some time, and were sold under an old vagrant law. The sale attracted a good deal of attention, although the bidding was not active. The prospective bidders went up to the darkies, examined them critically, thumped their chests, examined their eyes and teeth, and criticised them generally. The crier eloquently appealed to the spectators for offers. The three men were started at \$1.50 for the lot. The auctioneer reminded the buyers that the price was dirt cheap, saying: "Remember, gentlemen, you get these men for three months, and I am only offering the paltry sum of \$1.50; too cheap." The lot was finally knocked down for \$4, the highest bid received. The sale took place under an order of a magistrate, being vagrants and unable to take care of themselves.

### OH, HOW SENTIMENTAL!

**Gush That Should Be Hung Up to Dry—The Soul of Twaddle.**

This is the way the Salt Lake Tribune describes an attempt at suicide by a courtesan:

Yesterday morning a soul was trembling on the verge of eternity and the machinery of the heart refused, for a while, to operate. It was in one of the many houses of ill-repute not many miles from Main street, and the fair victim had taken an overdose of laudanum. The cause of the rash act has not yet been ascertained, as she was in a low condition when last heard from. She wanted to die. Life it seems, had no more charms for her; she had drank to the bottom and found the dregs. Men watched her as she passed them on the streets and said she was beautiful. Why should she wish to die? She is young and men fell down to worship her. Her smile filled their souls with rapture. Everything that money could procure was hers; Alaska seals shed their robes for her; cupids' shafts, tipped with ostrich feathers fell at her feet. Men begged and borrowed, that she might be happy and yet she would die. But the doctors came along before death had secured the prize, and erecting his hoisting machinery, set his stomach pump to work, thus saving one more butterfly for the early spring.



A SCENE THAT REVIVES OLD-TIME RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE "WAY DOWN IN DIXIE"—THREE COLORED TRAMPS ARE PUT UP AT AUCTION AT LIBERTY, VA., AND SOLD UNDER A VAGRANT LAW.



# FIGHTING A BUCK DEER.

**A Hunter's Exciting Struggle With the Animal—A Plucky Daughter's filial Butcher Act.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

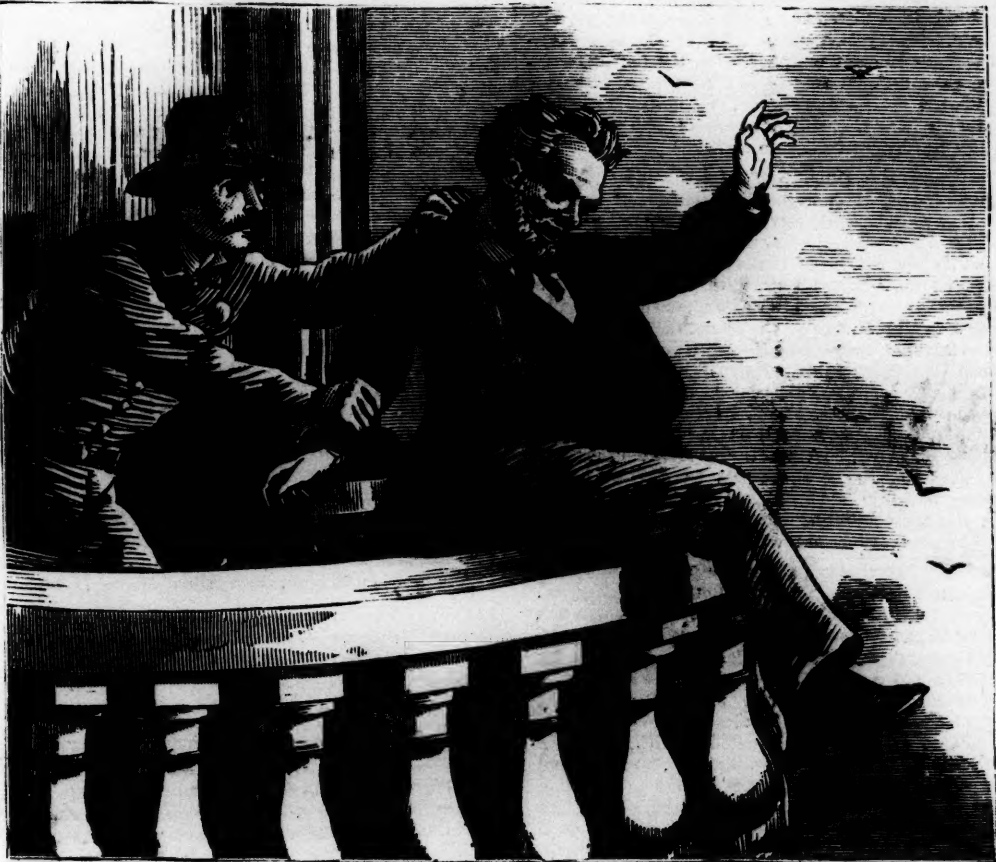
A Irishman named "Mike" Callaghan owns a small and almost valueless farm in the mountains, a few miles north of Port Jervis, N. Y., near the Monroe and Pike county line. The land being too stony to produce paying crops, Callaghan is obliged to turn his hand to anything at which he can earn a little money. He is quite expert with the rifle, and during the few years that he has lived in the wilds of Pike County he has shot a large number of deer, several bears, and a few wildcats. He has become so accustomed to seeing bears in the woods that he says he has no more fear of meeting them than he has of a cow. He has had many hair-breadth escapes with bears and catamounts



A BRAVE GIRL SAVES HER FATHER FROM BEING GORED TO DEATH BY A WOUNDED BUCK DEER BY GRAPPLING HIM BY THE HORNS AND CUTTING HIS THROAT.

## John Spellman, Jockey.

(With Portrait.) John Spellman is a fair type of the bright, intelligent, American jockey. He is a skillful and careful rider, and a very active young man as the records of the turf in this country show for the last few years. The splendid work he has accomplished, and the lively manner in which he goes from one great track to another is an evidence of his popularity. Being a close observer and having a fair education he gathers a great deal of useful and instructing knowledge. On the track and among his fellow horsemen he is a general favorite, well liked for his social and gentlemanly qualities. Among the many races this jockey has won he mentions with pride the winning of the Dixie and Breckenridge stakes, as they were some of his first victories. In these races he rode the celebrated horse Vigil, beating the noted animal Parole in



AN EX-DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF WASHINGTON GETS FULL OF "FIRE-WATER" AND ATTEMPTS TO JUMP FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

within the past five years, but always came out victorious. He had an encounter—which, had it not been for the timely arrival of his daughter, might have been his last—a few mornings ago.

Callaghan arose earlier than usual, as he desired to start early for Bushkill, about thirteen miles distant. While hitching his horse to the wagon he discovered a large, four-pronged buck deer grazing on a small clearing a few rods from the house. He ran to the house, seized his rifle, and crawled on his hands and knees through the woods behind a stone fence, until he got within shooting distance. Then, to make sure of hitting the deer, he placed the barrel of his rifle in the crotch of a small chestnut, and, taking deliberate aim, fired. The deer gave an upward plunge and fell to the ground, apparently lifeless. The ball had penetrated the animal's breast, from which the blood flowed freely. Callaghan laid down his gun and, climbing the fence, walked up to the wounded deer with the intention of cutting its throat. As he was about to draw his hunting knife from his belt the deer gave a sudden and desperate lunge, catching the hunter with its antlers and throwing him several feet in the air. When he landed he struck upon his head and shoulders, stunning him so that he lay several seconds partially insensible. When he recovered the deer was still lying on the ground a few feet distant. Callaghan thought the animal had lost enough blood to warrant him in making a second attack without danger of being further injured. He seized the dying buck by the antlers with his left hand, and with his right drew the blade of the knife across the animal's throat with the intention of severing the windpipe, but in this he only partially succeeded.

This seemed to add fury to the wounded animal, for it gave another powerful lunge, throwing the hunter with great violence to the ground. The deer then began pawing him with its front feet and goring him with its horns. In the struggle the hunter lost his knife, and, fearing that the deer would kill him, he shouted to his daughter, who hastened to her father's rescue. She picked up the knife, seized the deer by the antlers, and with one thrust of the knife nearly severed the head from the body. It gave one or two kicks and died. Although Callaghan's injuries are not dangerous, he will be laid up for some time. His body was literally covered with scratches, and his clothes were torn into shreds. The deer was a very large one, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, and was the third one the brave young woman had helped kill during the past few years. Her last exploit has made her a heroine.



PAYING FOR KISSES AT CHURCH FAIRS AND GETTING BACK A BIG PER CENT. ON THE INVESTMENT—HOW ENTERPRISING THIEVES WORK THE RACKET.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS TURFMEN.

JOHN SPELLMAN, THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY.

both; this was in the spring of 1876. In the fall—the extra day at Jerome Park—of the same year he beat the well-known horse St. Martin, on Vigil. This year he opened the season at the spring meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club at New Orleans, La., by winning a fine race on Gabriel. Next he went to Washington and won the National Handicap Stakes on the same horse. At the same meeting he also won the Consolation Stakes on Mr. J. J. Bevin's Vagrant. At Baltimore he won the Peyton Handicap on Gabriel. He next won a splendid selling race on Mr. W. Mulkey's Virginus, on the same track, also on Clyde Hampton he won a fine race in two mile heats. At Saratoga, on Glenmore he won the handicap sweepstakes and many others.

## A Good Speculation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A new racket for lifting valuables has been put in action by gentlemen of light-fingered accomplishments. In their zeal for raising large sums of money for their churches, certain young ladies have put their dainty mouths on the kissable market. Of course their osculatory favors are in good demand. Church fairs are the places where they peddle them out, at so much a piece. If the peddler is pretty, there are plenty of customers. Her table, and all it holds, is well patronized. But while the kissing is being dispensed, the practical gentry take back a good many hundred per cent. on the investment.

## FROM THE CAPITOL'S DOME.

An Insane Attorney's Terrible Attempt to Leap From the Top of it.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An ex-district attorney of Washington, while suffering from delirium tremens, attempted to commit suicide by a leap from the dome of the Capitol last week, but his effort was frustrated by two of the Capitol policemen, who, observing his condition, followed him up, and overtook him just as he had got astride of the upper railing near the top of the dome. He had been indulging for some time past in copious draughts of old rye and other equally frisky fluids, and his action in the present case was the result.



## SPORTING NEWS.

SPORTING ITEMS FROM CORRESPONDENTS  
SHOULD BE FORWARDED EARLY IN  
THE WEEK TO INSURE  
INSERTION.

## Important to Sporting Men.

The Police Gazette has in preparation, to be given free to each subscriber and purchaser of the paper, a large double page supplement illustrating the great international prize fight at Farnborough, England, between Heenan and Sayers. Due notice will be given of the issue with which the picture will be presented. Sporting men should order copies of this number without delay, and the trade should send in their orders at once.

JAN. 17 is the date fixed for the Hanlan and Laycock boat race.

HANLAN, the champion oarsman, is rusticated in Dublin, Ireland.

TUG WILSON and Ted Carney are arranging a prize fight in England.

TOMMY CHANDLER, the California pugilist, is living in Leadville, Col.

A NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB is regarded as an organization of the near future.

THE report that O'Leary and Weston had arranged a six-day race is bogus.

FORDHAM, the English jockey, has won 2,369 races inclusive of this year.

LORD FALMOUTH, the English turfman's horses, won £16,61 this season.

HOLLIWOOD is ready to fight any pugilist in America at 112 pounds for \$2,500 a side.

HANLAN makes more money with his sculls than many people do with their brains.

ANCHER, the English jockey, heads the list of winning jockeys with a score of 121 wins.

GEN. JOHNSON HAGWOOD, just inaugurated Governor of South Carolina, is a prominent turfman.

A. P. RUDOLPHE, the noted billiard player, has opened a room at San Francisco, Cal.

CORNELL has not yet officially accepted the challenge of Columbia to row an eight-oared race.

FRANCES AND CREGAN, the English pugilists, are to fight on New Year's day in England for £50.

JACK LOONEY, of St. Louis, noted sporting house keeper and pugilist, is dying of consumption.

THERE is base ball talent enough left outside the League Clubs to represent a dozen good clubs.

THE well-known trotting mare Cozette, record 2:19, has been sold to Mr. McDough of Detroit, Mich.

"FIDDLER" NEARY, the pugilist, who was recently shot in McGlory's, in New York, is recovering.

SLOMON and Vignaux play for the billiard championship of the world, in Paris, on the 20th inst.

SARA BERNHARDT is the name given by Mr. E. Weaver to a chestnut filly by Distin, out of Prosperity.

ON the arrival of the pugilistic pilgrims from England there will be quite a breeze in sporting circles.

DICK GOODWIN, better known as "Spring Heel Dick," has challenged Dick Holliswood to fight for \$1,000 a side.

AMERICA can boast of an athlete who can beat 10s., and among the dark division there is one that can run in 10s.

DALY, one of the Irish-American athletic team, challenges John McMahon to wrestle, any style, for \$500 a side.

SIR JOHN ASTLEY has named a couple of race-horses Rowell and Corkey, in honor of the well-known pedestrians.

THE six-day female walking tournament at Preston, England, was a failure. Miss Victor won with a meagre score.

YANK ADAMS, the champion finger billiardist, is creating a sensation in New Orleans, La., sporting circles.

IN England, Johnny Blackman, alias "three-fingered Jack," has challenged Jim Cartwright to fight for £50.

TOM ALLEN wants to know why O'wney Geoghegan don't send for him and agree to pay him so much a week for boxing.

JOHNNY LAZARUS, the once noted sporting house keeper and pugilist, is paralyzed and unable to leave his bed in this city.

TEDDY CARNEY, of York, England, who fought Tug Wilson two hours, offers to fight any middle-weight pugilist in England.

F. E. CAMERON, an American, with five and a half yards' start, won a 120-yard running handicap recently at Liverpool, England.

HANLAN has secured the services of Wallace Ross as trainer, and has gone into training at Putney, England, for his race with Laycock.

BILLY EDWARDS, the retired ex champion light-weight pugilist, is to be tendered a monster boxing benefit at Terrace garden on Jan. 5.

AT Walthamstow, Eng., G. A. Dunning won the five-mile amateur race for the championship of the Clapham Beggals in 33m. 27s.

AMERICAN and Australian scullers find living in England an expensive luxury, and insist that the regatta shall be rowed within five weeks.

NEWCASTLE boating men propose a four oared race between Hanlan, Riley, Ross and Hosmer, against Elliott, Nicholson, Hynes and Hawdon.

THE bet of \$5,000 to \$350 taken about Geologist for the Epsom Derby of 1881 has been declared off by mutual consent of the layer and the taker.

DUFUR, of Marlboro, Mass., may claim the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship of America. He will, however, have to win the title first.

HONEST MINNIE, the mare owned by Col. E. H. Broadhead of Milwaukee, Wis., is spoken of as likely to create a sensation as a trotter in 1881.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN has engaged Steve Taylor, the heavy-weight pugilist, at \$30 per week, to box with Sam Breeze on his arrival from England.

AT a farewell benefit to Hipkiss, the pugilist, at Birmingham, England, William Sherriff, "the Prussian," bested Alf Greenfield with the gloves.

MR. MACKAY of California, is willing to match his two-year-old filly Sweetheart against Gov. Stanford's two-year-old colt Fred Crocker, for \$10,000 a side.

YOUNG BALDWIN, of Birmingham, is anxious to box any man in Manchester or Salford, for £20 or £50 a side. McGown preferred, and will box him for £40 or £50.

JIM MACE, the champion pugilist of the world, at present bookmaker and hotel proprietor, of Melbourne, Australia, has bought Haidee of the Hills for 200 guineas.

A. H. BOGARDUS, the champion wing shot, will shortly visit England to arrange a match to shoot at 100 pigeons for \$5,000 and the championship of the world.

WALLACE ROSS, the St. John (N. B.) oarsman, says: "When Trickett expresses his anxiety to swim meet Hanlan, I shall be just as anxious to again meet Laycock."

KENNEDY, of the Cleveland, O., club, is wintering at Coshocton, N. Y. This town was forgotten when the map was made. If it wasn't for Kennedy it would have no history.

ARTHUR HANCOCK, of Hackney, and William Howes, of Haggerston, England, are to walk for Alden's Cup and the fifty-mile championship and £25 a side, on Jan. 1, 1881.

JOHNNY PETERS, a graduate of the St. Louis Red Stockings, and one of the best ball tossers in the country, has signed a contract to play with the Buffalo, N. Y., club in 1881.

JIMMY ELLIOTT, the pugilist, who was whipped by Johnny Dwyer in a battle at Long Point, Canada, for the championship, is making carpets in Sing Sing Prison, New York.

BILLY KELLY, the pugilist, who fought Sam Collyer for the light-weight championship, is now in Sing Sing Prison. He was arrested on the charge of robbing the Manhattan Bank.

MR. KEENE has recently purchased a quarter interest in Jerome Park at a large price. This will undoubtedly give him a voice in the control and direction of affairs at that place.

GEORGE ROOKE, the middle-weight champion, failing to make any of the middle-weight pugilists fight him, has issued a challenge to fight any man in the world for \$1,000 a side and the championship.

THE London Referee says that there is no amateur runner in England, who, according to the laws in use among the best class of professionals, can run a hundred yards in less than 102.5s., and what is more there never was one.

AT North Huron, N. Y., the glass-ball shooting match between John Harris, of Walcott, N. Y., and Hiram Meeker, of North Huron, which began Nov. 27th and ended December 12th, was won by Meeker who captured the \$500.

IN the time record at various distances on the Thames river for Hanlan and Ross, in their races with Trickett, which was published a week ago, Hanlan's time to the Crab Tree Inn was incorrectly given as 6m. 45s., instead of 7m. 4s.

JACK HICKS, the English middle weight pugilist who came to this country some years ago and who in the past was ever famous for cracking craniums, has now taken to encasing them, and has opened "the champion hat shop," 142 Whitechapel road, London, England.

THE great Metropolitan steeplechase at Croydon was won by Mr. D. Dunlop's chestnut horse Bacchus, by Uncas, out of Nellie's dam, 6 years old, carrying 173 pounds. R. L'Asson rode the winner. The betting was 7 to 2 against Bacchus. Six ran; distance about 4 miles.

HARRY MAYNARD, of San Francisco, who is known as the "Sailor Boy," challenges Billy Madden to fight at catch-weight for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. If Maynard will only back up his challenge and post the stakes, he will readily be accommodated. Madden claims that he can whip him in an hour.

THE grand national hurdle race at Croydon was won by Mr. T. V. Morgan's bay colt Charles I., by Prince Charlie, out of Merivale, 4 years old, carrying 159 pounds. R. L'Asson rode the winner. The betting was 5 to 1 against Charles I. Nine were behind him at the finish. Distance, about 2½ miles.

SAM COLLYER, the ex-light-weight champion pugilist, who tried three times to whip Billy Edwards, win the light-weight championship and failed, is living at Rockaway, L. I. Collyer looks able to whip half of the pugilists who style themselves champions, and who are continually giving boxing exhibitions.

AT San Francisco, Leon P. Ferdemeyer and Peter Heck are to trundle wheel-barrows six days while Miss Amy Howard of New York runs and walks six days. Miss H. is to get \$200 if she beats either of her opponents and \$300 if she beats both. Miss Howard is the female champion long distance pedestrian of America.

THE Sporting Life, London, says: Some two years ago few would have thought Tommy Orange, the "Bethnal Green Pet," a match for Jem Laxton, the hero of many well-fought battles, but the former has thickened considerably of late, and improved in style, though he was always capable of making a good show, even with the best.

MIKE DONOVAN, the pugilist, will not fight George Rooke for the purse of \$500 subscribed by Wm. H. Bost, Ned Mallahan and a host of sporting men. Donovan says that he is going to work at his trade and that he has given up pugilism for the present. Donovan's failure to meet Rooke after the numerous fiascos, when he had every opportunity to do so, gives his rival's backers the idea that he is afraid to fight Rooke.

THERE are now six stallions with records of 2:19 or better, viz: Smuggler, 2:15½; Hannis, 2:17½; Santa Claus, 2:18; Monroe Chief, 2:18½; Nutwood, 2:18½; and Wedgewood, 2:19. Of these, Hannis has won the greatest number of heats under 2:30. He has 68 to his credit, and Monroe Chief comes next with 60. Mr. A. J. Alexander's Belmont is the sire of two of the six, Nutwood and Wedgewood.

LOOK out for the great book "The Champions of the American Prize Ring," which contains the portraits, history and battles of all the great pugilists that have fought for the championship of America from 1816 to the present time. Price 35 cents by mail. Send on orders to Richard K. Fox, Publisher of the Police Gazette, 183 William St., New York, and the publisher of "Glimpses of Gotham," "Favorites of the Footlights," etc.

THE following figures will show at a glance the principal winning owners of the English flat racing season: Lord Falmouth, £16,061; Prince Soltykoff, £13,135; Mr. Crawford, £13,087; Mr. Brewer, £12,571; Mr. Jardine, £11,904; Duke of Westminster, £11,258; Mr. C. Perkins, £9,341; M. D. de Rothschild, £8,645; Mr. F. Grecton, £7,725; Lord Bradford, £7,688; Mr. Vyner, £7,295; Count La grange, £6,722; Mr. T. E. Walker, £6,700, and Lord Roseberry, £5,263.

WILLIAM MULDOON, the champion Græco-Roman wrestler, and a member of the police department of New York, has gone into training for his great wrestling match with Clarence Whistler, of Kansas, for the championship of the world, which was recently arranged in the Police Gazette office. Whistler and Muldoon are to meet at this office on the 27th inst. to complete arrangements for the match, and settle upon what date in January the contest shall be decided. The proposed meeting between these rival champions is creating a furore all over the country, and the contest promises to be one of the most exciting ever witnessed in the arena.

LATEST advices from London, England, state that Alfred Greenfield, of Birmingham, the champion heavy-weight pugilist, has been compelled to retire from the ring. In his fight with Jack Stewart, the Scotch giant, in England, Greenfield injured his arm, and since then it has been a weather barometer. His physicians say there is a dead bone in the joint injured, and that it will require a surgical operation, after which he will be unable to use it even in a glove contest, let alone in a battle with such a pugilist as Tom Allen, for the championship. Greenfield's break-down and retirement will end the negotiations for a mill between Tom Allen and himself for the championship of England.

JACK STEWART, who has been traveling with Joe Goss and recently had a set-to with George Rooke in this city, writes to the Police Gazette that he has not at any time represented himself to be Jim Stewart, of Glasgow, who fought Allen and others; and he thinks he should not be blamed for any deception which may have been practiced by others. In regard to his set-to with Rooke, he says that he was at the time under medical treatment, and had he followed the advice of friends he would not have sparred at Lyric Hall. "But," says Stewart, "Rooke may rest assured that, should we ever meet again on any stage, he will have a far different tale to tell." Stewart states that he was born at Glasgow, is 27 years old, 6ft. 1in. in height and weighs 205 pounds.

In regard to the recent glove fight in Glasgow, Scotland, between Alex McLellan, champion of Scotland, and Ned Donnelly of England, an eye witness writes: "That after the first round Donnelly never showed the slightest inclination to fight, and everybody left the building disgusted with the whole affair. Nothing is known in Glasgow of Donnelly's previous performances. He first appeared there in a booth last fair time, and sparred well when opposed to some of the Glasgow lads, which led to his being matched with McLaren. Jemmy Taylor seconded Donnelly, and threatened to pitch him out of the ring for the faint-heartedness he exhibited. T. Beattie, of Glasgow, and U. Howie (The Spider) seconded McLaren, who was trained by Bob Hindle. It is worthy of mention that before the fight the men wagered the gate money."

ON the arrival of Jim Carney, of Birmingham, Eng., the champion light-weight pugilist, there will be prospect of a match being arranged for the light-weight championship of America. Arthur Chambers of Philadelphia, at present holds that title. Carney, since he fought such a determined battle with Punch Callow, has scared all the light-weights in England, and on his arrival in New York he will, like all the rest of the pugilistic pilgrims of England, desire to be the light-weight champion of America. Carney will have plenty of backers so that Arthur Chambers, Billy Edwards and Prof. J. H. Clark will either have to allow Carney to claim the light-weight championship or agree to meet him in the ring. Carney may be a great pugilist, but in our opinion the light-weight championship of the world belongs to Arthur Chambers or Billy Edwards, and if Carney's backer, O'wney Geoghegan, prefers to stake \$2,500 on Carney, either Chambers or Edwards will again battle for the title.

THE following challenges have been issued by the pugilists in England: Andrew McLellan, of Glasgow, who lately fought Tom Donnelly, of Newcastle, will box Young Stewart, of Glasgow, or Joe O'Donald, of Canabie (Marquis of Queensberry's rules) for endurance, for from £15 to £25 a side. Tommy Orange will be most happy to box Joe Fowler (the Britol Boy) with the gloves, under the usual rules, or with the raw-uns on the turf, for £25 or £50 a side, at catch-weight. A match can be made at any time at Mr. Browns, the Bull and Pump, Shoreditch. George, alias Barney Sheppard, of Chelsea, in answer to Stanford, of Brighton, is surprised at his asking for odds, seeing that he is styled a second Tom Sayers; but Sheppard will box him at catch-weight, for £50 or £100 a side. Charles Williams (commonly known as "Charles Smith"), of Kensal Green Gas Works, is open to oblige Ginger Bryant or Tom Hope, or any other man in Notting Hill or Notting Dale, for £25 a side, old style on the turf, or under the Marquis of Queensberry's rules (turf preferred). To box within six weeks after signing articles. Jack West, not being satisfied with the result of his late fight with Jemmy Coleman, of the East End, will box him when and where he likes at catch-weight, for £10 or £100.

AT London, England, recently, Jem Laxton challenged the world for £50 or £100 a side. Tommy Orange, the "Bethnal Green Pet," finally agreed to fight him for a purse. The pugilists fought in London on Dec. 3. Orange had Prof. Hundreds and Corporal W. Green (instructor to various clubs) as his seconds; while Laxton was well cared for by Tom Symonds and his brother, Bob Laxton. The battle was only contested up to the fourth round when Orange delivered Laxton a heavy blow in the stomach which made Laxton's skin turn a deathly color. Laxton, who had a bad leg, finally began to weaken and his damaged member gave way, and at end of the sixth round he was compelled to give in and Orange was declared the winner. Jem Laxton was born on October 28, 1850, weighs about 9st. and stands 5ft. 3½ inches. Among others he has beaten "Soldier" Robinson (twice), Dan Feathers, Tom Hooker, Tommy Hawkins, W. Richardson, Fletcher B. Purver, Donnelly (of Islington), Bill Green, Kennedy, Joe Fowler, Dave Cable, Jem Steadman, Pickard, Punch Callow, Punch Habbjam, &c. Orange, who is now twenty-four years of age, being born on October 9, 1856, is 5ft. 5½in. high, and scales about 8st. 6lb., though he could fight in condition a few pounds lighter. He fought, with the knuckles when only sixteen years of age, "Ponto," of Bethnal Green, for a purse. The affair, however, after they had been engaged 50 minutes, ended in a draw. Orange then had his right hand knocked off, but was loth to leave off. Since then he has never sparred in any competition or engaged in a public mill, though on the occasion of "bespeak" or benefit nights he has always been found willing to lend a helping hand.

FOUR noted English champion pugilists are now on their way to this country, viz: Sam Breeze, Jim Carney, Charley Hipkiss and Johnny Waldron. This pugilistic quartette come to this country to appear at O'wney Geoghegan's sporting house, 105 Bowery, being under engagement to appear in glove contests for one year. All of them have fought numerous battles in the ring. Breeze is 6ft. in height and weighs 180 pounds. He has fought several times in the ring. He also fought Alf Greenfield for the heavy-weight championship of England. The fight lasted 1h. 47m., when Breeze broke his

arm and had to give up, although he had decidedly the best of the battle. Jim Carney is the light-weight champion of England. He stands 5ft. 5in., and weighs in condition 128 pounds. He has fought seven battles in the ring, and never been defeated. His last battle was with Punch Callow, which ended in a draw. Carney is a native of Ireland. Johnny Waldron is the feather-weight champion of England, and no one will fight him for that title. He stands 5ft. 2in. in height and weighs 112 pounds. He has fought eight times in the ring. Charley Hipkiss is a famous feather-weight. He stands 5ft. 3in. in height and weighs 106 pounds. He has fought seven battles in the ring. Several other noted pugilists are to follow these prize ring pilgrims. The arrival of these celebrated pugilists will create quite a stir in sporting circles. After they have lived in Gotham long enough to become acclimated, several important matches will be arranged. Breeze, who is a muscular, well-formed pugilist, will be matched to fight any man in America for the heavy-weight championship, while Carney will challenge any light-weight, and the feather-weights will also be in search of customers. Punch Callow is said to be the best light-weight pugilist in England, and on his arrival he will be matched to fight any light-weight in America. O'wney Geoghegan intends to import Pat Perry and Denny Harrington.

THE long-pending prize fight between Tommy Tully of London, England, and Jack Massey of Manchester, was fought at Dagenham, on the Thames. The pugilists fought at catch weights, according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, for a purse of \$150. Two ex champion light-weights seconded Tully, while two middle-weight pugilists seconded Massey. The fight was evenly contested in the first two rounds; then Massey gained the lead, and in the third round won first blood. As the battle progressed, Massey not only proved himself the best wrestler, but actually on one occasion completely threw Tully out of the ring. Of course, long odds were then laid on Massey, although at the commencement two to one were freely offered on Tully. So fearfully did Massey punish the latter after this, that it was perceptible to every one present that victory must rest with him. At the thirty-seventh round, however, a police galley appeared in sight, and they lost no time putting an end to hostilities after they had been fighting 1 hour and 10 minutes. The party made their way to the tug, leaving the ropes and stakes, but were followed on board by the police, the police-galley towing behind. On arriving at the station at Wapping, the men, in company with Jimmy Horne and John Clifton, were charged with creating a breach of the peace, but were afterward liberated on bail. They were subsequently re-arrested, and on being brought into court next day Tully had his head in bandages and was so weak that he was accommodated with a chair, and they were then charged by Inspector George Roberts with engaging in a pugilistic encounter, Horne and Clifton being accused with assaulting the police and attempting to rescue Massey. After hearing the evidence the magistrate remanded them for a week, and agreed to accept bail in two sureties for \$1,000, and themselves in \$500 each. Thus the affair ended unsatisfactorily for all parties concerned. Tully is 28 years of age, stands 5 feet 9 inches, and weighs about 147 pounds. His best performance was, perhaps, when he beat Bill Driscoll for a \$125 purse, the fight lasting 49 minutes. Afterward he had to succumb to Napper's "81 tonner" (J. Knifton) at Sadler's Wells Theatre, but subsequently retrieved his laurels by defeating such good men as Jack Pinner and Grover. His next essay was against Jim Cooke of Oxford (the latter being victorious), and afterward he fought Young Kennedy, at one time looking as if he would win easily, but a foul occurred, and Kennedy gained the verdict. Massey was born in Manchester in December, 1850, so that he is nearly 30 years of age, stands an inch taller than his opponent, and is nearly fourteen pounds heavier.

IN the POLICE GAZETTE of New York we recently published an editorial in the sporting columns on the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship. It was read by H. M. Dufur, the famous wrestler, of Marlboro, Mass., and he published the following card in the Boston Herald:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: My attention has been called to an article in the New York News of Nov. 29, and the Police Gazette of Dec. 18, 1880, upon the subject of the wrestling championship. Some of the statements made in said article are not in accordance with facts. That John McMahon has any claim upon the championship I will not admit.

"In a contest with James E. Owens I won the title in a fair and legitimate manner, and, until defeated, I will not yield honors won after years of practice and training. I am ready to back my title to the championship with a reasonable amount of money, and meet any man in the world in a contest for superiority.

"It is not necessary for Mr. McMahon to go out of his way to publish articles in the New York News or in the Police Gazette, or the Providence, R. I., dailies in reference to me. My address is well known, and any communication published in the Boston Herald or Globe will receive prompt attention.

"H. M. DUFUR.  
"Marlboro, Mass., Dec. 10, 1880."

Dufur omits to state that after his alleged defeat of J. E. Owens of New York, that he refused to again meet the famous Vermont champion, whereby he forfeited all claim to the championship. Dufur also forgets that John McMahon of Rutland, Vt., a few days after Dufur's match at Boston, posted a forfeit to wrestle either Dufur or Owens for \$1,000 and the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship. Dufur refused to meet McMahon, while Owens accepted the challenge. McMahon and Owens wrestled for the championship and \$500 a side, in this city, and McMahon won. From the time Dufur failed to accept Owens' and McMahon's challenge he ceased to be the champion. We called on McMahon, and he desired us to state that he will meet Dufur or his representative to arrange a match for \$500 or upward, and that he will allow Dufur expenses to wrestle in New York or take expenses to wrestle in Boston. McMahon states that Dufur cannot claim a title he has forfeited until he wins it back again. McMahon further states that he is ready to wrestle not only Dufur but any man in the world collar-and-elbow for any amount from \$500 to \$5,000. Dufur should now arrange a match after this fair proposition from the champion, which can be backed up with thousands of dollars. A champion at any sport must meet all challenges when they are bona fide challenges accompanied with a forfeit of \$25 or \$50, and then should a champion athlete wrestler or pugilist then fail to arrange a match, from that time his right to the title of champion ceases. H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., the claimant for the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship, should bear this in mind and not wear plumage that does not belong to him.

In the next issue of the Police Gazette (No. 172) we will publish a picture of Tom King, ex-champion pugilist of England, and John C. Heenan, in full ring costume. The picture represents the great champions as they stood face to face in the ring at Wadhurst, England. We also publish King's great battles in the ring with Jim Mace and John C. Heenan, in the "History of the American Prize Ring."



## SPORTING CORRESPONDENCE

ALL QUESTIONS SENT US PERTAINING TO SPORTING MATTERS WILL BE ANSWERED, AND CAN BE RELIED ON AS BEING CORRECT—LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND ALL COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING AFFAIRS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

## Notice to Athletes.

All parties desiring to arrange matches at the Police Gazette office, New York, will please call between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. All matches can be arranged at this office, and only challenges will be inserted that are accompanied with a forfeit. Challenges will not be given space in the sporting column of the GAZETTE unless the challenger sends a deposit.

Sporting men can arrange all their matches at the Police Gazette office any day between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. Richard K. Fox, the editor and proprietor of this journal, or Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor, will hold the deposits and appoint a stakeholder and referee in all matches when it is optional with the parties or the contestants desire to do so.

Challengers sending on a deposit with a challenge will please forward amount by post-office order.

KING, Burlington, Vt.—Send on the pictures.

W. O. CONNER, Louisville.—Pictures cannot be procured.

H. W., Utica.—Muldoon is the champion Græco-Roman wrestler.

BARNES, Chelsea, Mass.—E. L. Davenport was born in Boston in 1816.

AMATEUR, Austin, Tex.—The female boxers are from New York, as advertised.

J. W. BROWN, Danville, Va.—The only way to find a lion trainer is to advertise for one.

H. W., Columbus, O.—The New York Gazette was started in New York on Oct. 18, 1725.

W. C. A.—Gus Hill, the champion, gives lessons. His address is, care of Police Gazette office.

P. D., Bloomington, Ill.—Such houses are not licensed in New York; they may be in other cities.

JAMES FLYNN, New Orleans.—Please send us pictures of any prominent pugilist or sporting man in your city.

P. W., Stockton, Cal.—1. Leon P. Federmeier is credited with trundling a wheelbarrow from San Francisco to New York. 2. We doubt it.

A CONSTANT READER.—Yankee Sullivan's picture and life will appear in our book, "The Champions of the American Prize Ring." Send to this office for a copy.

J. R., Cleveland, O.—Will forward you "Champions of the American Prize Ring" as soon as it is ready. The Heenan and Sayers' Supplement we will furnish you gratis.

G. H., St. Louis.—1. Jack Looney and Jim Coburn fought as opponents twice. 2. Ben Hogan has retired from the ring. 3. He never fought McCoolle or Joe Coburn.

W. G., Providence, R. I.—Weston started on Jan. 18, 1879, from Windsor, England, to walk 2,000 miles on the turnpike roads in 1,000 consecutive hours. He covered 1,977½ miles and failed.

G. W., Boston.—The "Slang Dictionary," "Footlight Favorites" and "Glimpses of Gotham" will be mailed to you on receipt of postage stamps or money order. Edwin Forrest died Dec. 12, 1872.

W. G., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. The record of the trotter Judge Fullerton is 2:18. 2. He was sold at an auction in this city for \$1,100. We remember when William Humphreys refused \$30,000 for him.

PEDESTRIAN, Lowell, Mass.—1. Rowell, the English pedestrian, has covered 566 miles in six days. 2. Frank Hart's best six-day record is 565 miles. 3. O'Leary's best six-day record is 520 miles 180 yards.

READER, Brooklyn.—Pugilists generally harden their hands with a "pickle" composed of alum, lemon juice, horse-radish, copperas and tannin. Stockholm tar is the best mixture to harden either the hands or feet.

C. E. BURNETT, North Huron, N. Y.—1. We can furnish you with the pictures of the pedestrians you require at 25 cents each. 2. We have a large supply of sports on hand which we will publish when opportunity offers.

W. C., Pottsville, Pa.—Billy Dwyer defeated Johnny Walker, of Nottingham, England, for \$1,000, in California, Oct. 6, 1863. They fought 103 rounds in 3h. Walker's seconds were Billy Clark and Joe Winrow; Dwyer's, Tom O'Donnell and Jerry Sullivan.

SAM, Portage Falls, N. Y.—1. Bill Davis, the pugilist, is living in San Francisco, Cal. 2. He fought nine times in the ring, defeating Jack Smith, Bill Pearson, Tom Daley, Patsy Daly and Charley Gallagher, and was beaten by Jim Dunne, Mike McCoolle, Jimmy Elliott and Tom Allen.

DOWNNEY, Cleveland, Ohio.—Barney Aaron's last fight with Sam Collyer came off at Aquia Creek, Virginia. They fought at catch weight for \$1,000 a side, sixty-eight rounds, lasting two hours, Aaron being declared the winner. He was seconded by Jim Dunne and Joe Coburn.

PATSY, Hartford, Conn.—1. We make no charge for answering questions. 2. Sam Collyer beat Mike Carr, Race Bolster, Barney Aaron, Johnny McGlade, Billy Kelly, Johnny Lafferty and Patsy Maguire; and was beaten by Barney Aaron and three times beaten by Billy Edwards.

H. W., Leavenworth, Kan.—Aaron Jones, the pugilist, was born in Shropshire, Eng., March 3, 1831. 2. He stood 5 feet, 11 inches in height, and weighed 168 pounds. 3. He died at Leavenworth, February 16, 1869. 4. He was poisoned at New Orleans. 5. His record we will give next week.

RODERICK, Detroit, Mich.—1. We cannot decide who is the best pugilist in America. Contests in the arena always decide such questions. 2. Arthur Chambers is the light-weight champion and Paddy Ryan is the heavy weight champion. Both pugilists, of course, stand ready to fight anybody for those titles.

H. W., Portland, Me.—1. William, better known as Boss Harrington, was born in New York in 1803. 2. He fought Andy McLane, June 4, 1832, and John McLane in 1838. Send for the Police Gazette from No. 141 to date, it contains the "History of the American Prize Ring" from 1812 to 1880, and you will gain all the information you require.

H. W., St. Louis.—Tom Paddock, the English pugilist, fought fourteen times in the ring, defeating Nobby Clarke (twice), Parsons, Harry Poulson (twice), Aaron Jones (twice). Harry Broome fought a draw with William Perry, alias Tipton Slasher, and was beaten by William Perry, Harry Poulson, Bendigo Sam, Hurst and Tom Sayers.

H. W., Paterson, N. J.—1. John Wesley Cozad, the short-distance runner, who was recently killed at Denver, Col., for selling a foot race, was one of the fastest runners in America. 2. Cozad had the best record for a race of 125 yards—12½ seconds—made in a match with E. D. Davis at the Fashion Course, Long Island, Nov. 23, 1868. In this race Davis bet odds of \$2,500 against \$2,000, and was beaten by eight feet.

BRODER, Paris, France.—1. Ben Caunt, the famous English pugilist, on his visit to America, in 1842, induced William Freeman, the "American Giant," to accompany him to England on purpose to match him to fight William Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," who stood 6ft. ½ in. in height and weighed 182 pounds. 2. Freeman stood 6ft. 10½ in. in height and weighed 250 pounds. 3. Perry and Freeman fought on Dec. 14, 1842, at Sawbridgeworth, England, when, after fighting at equal advantage for 70 rounds in 1h. 24m., darkness came on. 4. On Dec. 20, 1842 they met at Gravesend, England, when, after 38 rounds had been fought in 1h. 35m., the "Slasher" fell without a blow, and Freeman was declared the winner. 5. Freeman died of consumption at Winchester Hospital, England, Oct. 23, 1845, aged 28 years. He only weighed 140 pounds when he died. 6. He was never beaten in an encounter.

## OUT TO-DAY.

**The Slang Dictionary** of New York, London and Paris. Complete and unabridged. With illustrations.

**A Thief's Letter.** Written by himself in the "Slang Dictionary." New edition out to day.

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